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THE MILL (INFLECTION.

BY C. J.

Violets in the leafiest shade,
By their odors are betrayed;
Soft winds, over flower fields blown,
By their fragrant breath are known;
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
Wets unseen Earth's slumbering breast;
Rills, from out the bleak hill-side,
Swell to rivers deep and wide;
Rivers, flowing fast and free,
Widen to the boundless Sea;
All great things that move the Earth,
To gentle issues owe their birth;
And soft influence still is best,
Bringing comfort, love, and rest.
Sweet domestic love is strong—
Teaches Right, and warns from Wrong;
Kindly whispers mightier prove,
And to loftier actions move,
Then the fretful voice of Scorn,
Or Contempt and Anger born.

# A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED)

"RIGHT," echoed Captain Carlisle. "Of course it is right. Why should it not be? Do you think these lovely mornings are intended only for the birds and butterflies?"

"No; but they have no aunts to take care of them," said Hilary laughingly. "I should not like to go anywhere without telling my aunt."

"I do not ask you to do that; but, if I meet you when you are out on your rambles, there can be no harm in my walking with you. I will speak to aunt about it. Lady Kilmore is very kind, kinder than any one else I know."

"Yes, she is," said she. "But now I must go."

"We have been so happy that I feel as though I could never let you go!" he cried.

He came back with her to the clump of beeches. It was as though they could not part.

"Perhaps you will walk somewhere near here to-morrow?" said Lewis Carlisle. "The plain fact of the matter is that I cannot leave you unless you give me some hope of seeing you again. Will you walk here to-morrow? If I only see your face in the distance, it will comfort me. Will you promise?"

She was young and simple; she hardly knew that she was making a clandestine appointment.

"Yes," she replied in a low tone. And he impatiently counted the hours until he saw her again.

It was fortunate for Hilary that Lady Kilmore was tired, and so did not notice her long absence. When her niece came to dinner, she looked radiantly beautiful, and her face had a new expression. She had passed from girlhood to womanhood in a few hours. Lady Kilmore was struck afresh by her great loveliness.

"She ought to marry a duke or an earl at least," she said to herself. "I don't think there is such another face and figure in England. She will be the beauty of the season."

She wondered a little why her niece sat through the evening with a dreamy smile on her faultless face; she wondered what thoughts engrossed her, and why she looked so happy. Lady Kilmore felt very proud of her young relative; she had seen no one as fair as Hilary Nairne.

Whenever the girl went out she almost invariably met Captain Carlisle. At times she would say carelessly to Lady Kilmore—

"I met Captain Carlisle, and we walked together for a short time."

Lady Kilmore did not think anything of it at first—neither she nor niece ever went out without encountering some one; but, if the lime trees and beeches had been gifted with speech; they could have told a story of how these lovers met. Theirs was a love which had sprung suddenly into life, but it was not on that account either weak or wanting in depth. They had not known each other many days before they discovered that they could never bear to be parted in this life again. They seemed to have but one heart and one soul between them. It was a pretty love-story, a sweet summer idyl; and they thought that it stood alone in the world, that there never would be such again. They conversed through the sunlit hours, and were simply as happy as two guileless children. It had not yet occured to Captain Carlisle that, loving Hilary he could not marry Lady Mary.

Their love was so deep, so simple, so sweet, that it was a pity it could not always remain just as it was then, and that anything should come to interrupt so bright a dream.

CHAPTER IV

THREE weeks had passed; and already Lady Kilmore had repeatedly spoken to Hilary about Lewis Carlisle, and each time in words of kindest warning. It was all in vain. She might just as well have tried to stem the current of a rapid river as to arrest their love.

"Hilary, do not dance so often with Captain Carlisle," "Hilary, do not talk to the Captain while others are dancing," were the most frequent warnings she received. But they had no effect. The two had reached the part of their love-story when at times a little quarrel arose, making the reconciliation all the sweeter—when, if any one even looked at Hilary's beautiful face, her lover grew jealous—when, if any one paid her a compliment, nothing less than life could atone for the wrong—when he laughed at himself for the absurdity of his jealousy, but could not restrain it any more than a child could its passion. He could hardly understand the glamour that had fallen over him.

"How is it," he said to her one day "that I am so haunted by you? Your face is never even for one moment absent from my mind." She looked at him and smiled.

"You will not say that you love me, Hilary," he replied.

"I have told you so a hundred times," she said gently, "and in a hundred different ways."

"I can hardly believe it,"—and his face brightened. "It is too good to be true! You, Hilary Nairne; to love me—it is too good to be true! Every one loves you. Only yesterday I saw Sir Archie Gee trying to please you and flattering you. Was it not so Hilary?"

"That could not be my fault, Lewis. I did not want his flattery or his attentions."

"No, perhaps not; we will say not. I grant that; but it is not pleasant for me to see that kind of thing going on, and to have no power to stop it. When I see those fops and fandies surrounding you, Hilary, my longing is to go up to you, to take your hand before them all, and to say, 'she is mine; flatter, woo, covet as you will, she is mine!' Then I should not care, then I should feel quite sure of you; now I stand and watch you, that I am jealous of everything that comes near you, even of the wind that loosens those golden braids and plays with them!"

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked touched by his passionate words.

"To love me," he answered, "and, above all, to say that you love me."

"But," she began—and at that moment Sir Archie Gee came up to them.

"This is hardly fair, Captain Carlisle," he said. "Monopoly is not a right."

But the young soldier was not in a mood for jesting; his love was a matter of life or death with him; and Hilary, to hide her confusion, began to talk hastily to Sir Archie.

The occasion was a dinner party given by Lady Kilmore, which was followed by an evening party, with music, cards, and dancing. Captain Carlisle had withdrawn Hilary from the dancers, and would fain have kept her in the old-fashioned bay window to himself; but her other partners were on the alert.

"You promised me, Miss Nairne, three days since that you would dance with me to-night," said Sir Archie. "Have I done anything to make you refuse?"

"I have not refused," she said quickly. "I am quite willing to dance with you." Her heart was beating quickly, and her face flushed; but she did not want him to notice her emotion. "If I made the promise I am quite willing to keep it."

"That is very good of you," said Sir Archie. "Captain Carlisle has a way of mounting guard over you, Miss Nairne, and making us all feel uncomfortable."

Hilary gave one glance at Lewis Carlisle as Sir Archie led her down the room. Captain Carlisle's handsome face had grown quite dark, and his eyes were shadowed with jealousy. Hilary sighed; she knew there would be no peace for her that evening.

The young officer was mortally jealous of Sir Archie, and with good reason. The young baronet, who was owner of the fine estate of Clonmore, would have given his life for beautiful Hilary Nairne. When the one dance which Sir Archie had been promised was over, he contrived to take Hilary through the picture gallery, under the pretext of seeing Lady Kilmore's recent purchases. Hilary wished with all her heart that her aunt had never bought any pictures; but she was compelled to tell Sir Archie all about them while the handsome jealous face of the man she loved haunted her.

It caused her no surprise, when they entered the music-room, to find Lewis Carlisle there. One look at his face was enough. She would have given the world to be enabled to drop Sir Archie's arm and go to him and say. "Smile upon me, Lewis. I do not care for him; it is you I love, and you only;" but, even if she had dared to do so, it was impossible. Her little white hand was resting on Sir Archie's arm, and he meant to keep it there.

Once Captain Carlisle contrived to speak to her without being overheard.

"Hilary," he said, "leave that man; I want to talk to you."

"I will in a few minutes," she replied.

"Why not now?" he asked fiercely.

"He has made me promise to find a particular song for him; and I must do it," she replied.

"It is absurd, Hilary; he cannot sing!" said the angry officer.

"He thinks he can," she rejoined.

"You like him; you are anxious to please him. You would sooner please him than me; you prefer his society to mine. I am foolish to stay here; I will go abroad to-morrow, and never come back! You do not love me, Hilary Nairne!"

She had no chance to answer him for the music room was well filled.

After a time Lady Kilmore asked Captain Carlisle to sing. Hilary never forgot the glance he gave her as he sat down to the piano. His eyes said as plainly as though he had spoken, "This is for you;" and he sang a beautiful ballad—

The girl could not bear it; every word struck home. What was Sir Archie, Lady Kilmore, Lady Ardean—the whole world to her? He should not be adrift all his life for a woman's sake. She cared nothing for Sir Archie or for any one else in comparison with him. He said he would go abroad to-morrow. What sorrowful words they were—"Finished for ever and done, wrecked by a treacherous smile"! Ah, he should see that hers was not a treacherous smile; he should see that she was not a flirting girl! He need not been so jealous of Sir Archie, for at that moment she hated the sight of him. She would have given the world to leave him and go over to the handsome young soldier who was so desperately jealous.

She tried to catch his eye, but he would not even look at her: yet she knew quite well that he followed her every movement.

What could she do? Here was Sir Archie whispering horrible platitudes about the pictures and praising the song.

"Pretty music and a good voice. Captain Carlisle is a splendid tenor; but the words were rather sentimental. Don't you think so?" he was saying.

How could she think when she was longing to cross the room and go to her handsome, jealous lover, whose face was dark with passion? How could she comfort him? How could she tell him that she loved him, that he should never be "a man adrift for life, all for a woman's sake"? If she could but speak to him! She was trembling with impatience. There was Lady Kilmore smiling blandly, delighted that she was with Sir Archie; there was Lady Ardean looking quite content and cheerful; Sir Archie himself was glowing with satisfaction. But the handsome face she loved so well was growing paler with anger every moment. What was this tiresome man by her side saying? Asking her for another dance? Could he be so blind so dense, as not to see that he was torturing her?

"Dance," she replied, "No; I am too tired. I will rest, and you can find another partner."

He was obliged to accept his dismissal, whether he liked it or not: and Hilary sat down in a corner of the room, determined to wait there until Captain Carlisle came.

Would he come? She knew that she was beautiful, but she also knew that he was proud. Yet what had she done? Only danced with Sir Archie; and he was less than nothing to her, although he admired her and would fain have made her mistress of Clonmore.

One by one the little groups were breaking up and disappearing. Lady Kilmore had gone with Colonel Graham to the card tables; Lady Ardean had retired to the drawing room. The younger people had left for the ball room. There was only herself, a tall colonel of dragoons making fierce love to a stout blonde, and Captain Carlisle looking over some music that lay upon the piano. Very soon the Colonel perceived that he and his portly companion were *de trop*, for he asked her to go through the picture gallery with him.

At last Hilary and Lewis Carlisle were alone. She glanced at him, but he affected not to see her, although her eyes had set his heart beating fast.

"Captain Carlisle!"

He turned hastily at the sound of the sweet voice, as though he had been unaware of Hilary's presence and was astonished to find her there.

"Did you speak, Miss Nairne?" he asked with studied politeness.

"Yes; but you are so far away from me that you cannot hear, I am sure."

"I should be afraid of taking Sir Archie's place," he said, "if I came nearer."

"Never mind Sir Archie's place. Take your own," she rejoined.

And then he came a little nearer.

"How sad the words of your song were, Captain Carlisle!" she began! "And you sang them just as though you meant them."

"So I did," he replied gloomily. "I am not the only man who will be 'adrift for life, all for a woman's sake.'"

"Who is the woman!" she asked gently.

"You!" he answered. "You have trampled a man's heart under your feet!"

"I have not trampled your heart under my feet," she said earnestly, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Captain Carlisle, how can you say that to me? Is it because I have danced with and talked to Sir Archie?"

"I could not help it," he answered contritely. "I am sorry for what I said. I hate myself. I am a jealous simpleton; but I love you so, Hilary!"

"Does love make people jealous," she asked—"jealous and cross? You have been very cross with me, and all for nothing."

"You are an angel," he cried; "and I am—well, the very reverse! I have been so wretched this evening, Hilary. I felt induced to run away, to kill myself, to do anything and everything most desperate and reckless."

"For what reason?" she said gently.

He came a little nearer to her. At every step he took towards her the golden head drooped lower. She caressed the flowers she held in her hand, and the faint flush of her cheeks deepened until the beautiful face was crimson.

"You sung cruel words," she said; and her voice was as sweetest music to him.

"Not the first man by thousands
The dupe of a heartless flirt,
Not the first time that priceless love
Was treated like common dirt!

She quoted the lines with a smile and a sigh.

"Your eyes told me," she said, "that you were singing to me; and that is what you sang. Am I a heartless flirt? Why, I have not flirted in all my life! I do not know how."

His eyes seemed to devour her fair girlish loveliness as he looked down upon her, and his arms opened as though he would clasp her to his breast.

"I do not accuse you of flirting. If you had been ever so little a flirt, I should not have loved you. I detest even the word 'flirt.'"

"Then why do you sing in that fashion? I know it was meant for me."

"Why? Because I am mad!" he replied. "To think that, of all men in the world, I should go mad about a girl's fair face!"

"And not about the girl?" she asked.

"The girl and her face are one to me," he answered. "I feel quite certain that no man has ever loved a woman as I love you. Oh, Hilary, my love, my darling, have you no word in return?"

No though of Lady Mary Trevor came to disturb those happy lovers as they stood there, her golden head resting upon his breast and his arms enfolding her.

"I cannot help being jealous," said Captain Carlisle, after a time looking down at her fondly. "It is not that I do not trust you; but, Hilary, my darling, I want to feel that you are mine. If you were once bound to me, I should not be jealous—I should not be jealous darling, were you my wife."

She raised her face to his, and the flowers fell from her hand.

"Your wife! Oh, Lewis, we have both forgotten your cousin Lady Mary!"

"No, I have not forgotten her," he said. "I wish I could forget her. But, Hilary, that will be all right. I shall tell her I love you."

"But were you really engaged to her?" she asked.

"No Hilary; I have never spoken one word of love to any one but you."

"But my aunt and Lady Ardean said you were engaged to her; and they were angry when I danced with you so often," she added plaintively.

"They ought to have known better," he said quickly. "By no word of mine was I ever engaged to her. Her father and mine, I believe, settled it between them. I hardly comprehend myself, even now, why they should have done it, save that Lady Mary had money and I had none. In some vague way I understand that the money she had ought to be mine, but I do not want it."

"Have you never seen her? Have you never spoken to her about the engagement?" asked Hilary.

"Have I seen her? Yes, we have met several times, but we have not mentioned the subject of marriage. I have a vague idea that she is waiting for me. Do you know, Hilary, that she is quite seven years older than I am, and very grave and stately. She scarcely ever laughs; but she is very kindhearted. I believe that if I went to her and told how dearly I loved you, she would approve of my choice."

"Do you think she loves you?" asked Hilary anxiously.

"How can she? I must seem like a boy to her. It was an absurd idea altogether!"

"Is your conduct quite honorable?" she asked gravely; and he answered—

"Yes, quite honorable. If I had pledged myself to her by one word, it would be different. I have not done so! I am as free to woo you and win you as you are free to be won. Shall I sacrifice the whole of my life to the whim, the caprice of an old man, or old woman? Most certainly not! The only thing that vexes me at all is this—I must, out of respect for Lady Mary, keep our secrets until she returns to England. She is travelling now. She has been to the East with Mr. Blake the great traveller. They are sure to run into print the moment they return. When I see her, I shall tell her the whole truth; and then, my darling, I shall come back to you; and be only too proud to show all the world what a treasure I have won. I cannot make my secret known until then. She must hear my story from myself, not from strangers."

"You are right," said Hilary. "But, Lewis, I think others will be very angry—at least I know my aunt and Lady Ardean will."

"They expect you to make what they consider a grand marriage!"

"Yes," she replied. "My aunt looks upon it entirely as a business matter."

"But you—you, my darling—you know love is best, do you not."

"Yes; I am sure of that," she answered.

"What have I done that I should be so blessed!" he cried. "Shall I wake up, Hilary, and find it all a beautiful dream?"

"No; it is no dream, and there will be no waking," she replied. "It is a true and beautiful reality. Our hours together have been so pleasant. Can you realise, Lewis, that in the future our hours will be spent together, and that we need never part?"

"Will you accompany me where ever I go?" he asked,

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you give up your luxurious home, your gaieties, your brilliant prospects, all for me, my darling?"

"Yes. I should never know any happiness without you, and with you I shall never know any pain."

These were the last words she had a chance of saying to him that evening.

## CHAPTER V.

A FORTNIGHT had passed since the night that Lewis Carlisle sung at Lady Kilmore's party. It was a lovely morning, and the young officer stood on the lawn of Barton Abbey with an open letter in his hand and despair in his heart. The letter contained terrible news for him. His regiment was to leave for Canada in three months' time, and the chances were that it would not return to England for some years at least. How could he leave the girl whose love was dearer than life to him? His heart sank as he pictured himself parted from her.

"Life without her, would not be worth living," he said to himself.

He determined to go and see her. Their future should be in her hands. He should place everything before her, but he would not bias her. He waited until such time as he knew that she would be out for a walk, and then he started for Weldhome.

It was not usual for them to meet in that way. There was a tacit understanding between them that, if they wished to see each other, the woods around Weldhome were a pleasant rendezvous. He found her sitting on the moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree and holding a bunch of wildroses and woodbine.

She looked up at him with shy sweet eyes and crimson cheeks. How fair was this summer day which brought her lover to her—how beautiful the world wherein such love could dwell! The smile died away when she saw the deep trouble in his face. He held a letter in his hand; and his eyes were shadowed as with a great grief. She rose hastily. What sorrow could come in them on this lovely morning when the air was full of fragrance! She went one step forward to meet him; he put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Do not be angry with me, sweetheart," he said. "I cannot help kissing you. You should not look so beautiful."

"Your face is full of trouble, Lewis," she remarked. "What is it?"

"I have come to tell you, darling. I knew that I should find you here. My beloved, tell me what is the best thing in life?"

"Love," she said briefly; and the answer contented him.

"You are right—it is love! Hilary, think well before you speak, because your happiness and mine will depend upon your answer. You say love is the greatest good. Do you prefer it to wealth and all other gifts that the world holds, dear?"

She was silent for a few moments; and then she said simply—

"I prefer love."

"Would you give up wealth and position for my sake, Hilary?"

"Would I? Ah, Lewis, you need not ask that question! I would give up everything for you!"

"Think before you speak. I am going to put your willingness to the test. Whom do you love best in the world?"

"You," she answered, bending over the roses.

"If you could spend your days just as you liked, with whom would you spend them, Hilary?"

"With you," she replied.

"You love me best in the world, and you would rather be with me than with any one else? If that be true, Hilary, marry me, and come with me to Canada!"

There was silence for a few moments. She crushed some of the wild roses in her hand: and while she lived the odor of roses brought back the whole scene to her—the sunlit glade, the rustling leaves, and her lover's dark handsome face.

"I will not bias you," he said; "but I tell you honestly that I do not know how to face my life without you. I would rather die here, near you, than leave you, to win the greatest honors that can be given to any man! And you, my darling, what would your life be without me?"

"A blank," she answered sorrowfully. "But we must not be parted, Lewis!"

She held out her hand to him, as though she appealed to him to save her from such a fate.

"No," he said, "we must not be parted, Hilary; it would be death to both of us. I could not live without you, and you could not live without me. I have thought of a plan, if you will consent to it; and, though at first it may startle you, when you think it over you will find that it is, after all, the wisest arrangement we can make."

"I will consent to anything you think right," was her reply.

"Let us be married at once, Hilary. You said the other day that you had received an invitation from your old schoolfellow Miss Ruthven of Glenglas to visit her; did you not?"

"Yes; and my aunt is quite willing that I should accept it."

"That lessens our difficulties," he said. "You told me also that your maid was devoted to you. What is her name, Hilary?"

"Jane Holmes. Yes, she would give her life for me, I believe. She is the truest and most devoted soul I know."

"So much the better my darling. I shall begin to think soon that Heaven smiles on our design. Let us be married at once—that is the chief difficulty. Once married, I shall fear nothing, and there will be an end to all my anxiety. You would be able to go with me whenever I went, and we could never be parted. That is my fear, my darling; it weighs on me day and night. What do you say?"

She was only seventeen, and she loved him with all her heart. He was handsome eloquent and persuasive. There was no one to utter a word of warning, no one to bid her pause and think before she did that which could never be undone. When he put his arm around her and, raising her face to his, kissed her on the lips, she would not have said "No," had that one little word been meant to save her life.

"Hilary, my love, answer me. We are all the world to each other. It seems to me that, save for Lady Kilmore, you are alone, and I have no one who cares for me. Why need we only study the opinions of those who care nothing for us?"

Just once she raised her startled face from his breast, and, looking at him with earnest eyes, asked—

"Is it right, Lewis—is it honorable?"

He was silent for a few moments; and then he clasped her to his heart with passionate fervor.

"Yes, it is both," he cried, "because we love each other so dearly—love makes it right! Will you marry me, Hilary?"

She could but say "Yes;" and his arms tightened their clasp. She felt in her heart that she could bear anything rather than be parted from him—any pain, sorrow, or care. How he blessed, how he thanked her when she said that little word "Yes;" while she was in a very heaven of bliss.

That what she was about to do could ever darken or shadow her life never for one moment entered her mind. She was only conscious that she was making some sacrifice for the sake of her lover, for whom she would have given her life—that she was consenting to something which pleased and delighted him—that she was making him happy; and she thought that the loving word he was lavishing on her would compensate her for any pain that she could ever suffer.

"The plan has been in my mind for some time," said Lewis Carlisle, after a while; and Hilary listened attentively. "Lady Kilmore is willing for you to visit Miss Ruthven at Glenglas. Start in a week, and take Jane Holmes with you, but, instead of going strait to Glenglas, meet me at Norham, where I will wait for you with a special licence, and we can be married within an hour from the time we join each other; then we will go to the Lakes and have one week of such intense happiness as has never yet fallen to the lot of any human being. After that, my darling, you will go to Glenglas, stay for a few weeks, and then we can meet here."

All her life afterwards she remembered how she raised her face to his and said simply—

"And afterwards, Lewis?"

It was as though the words had roused him from a dream.

"Afterwards? Why, my darling, I start, you see, in three months' time for Canada! I believe Lady Mary will be home in six or seven weeks. When we have spent a few weeks together here, I shall make all my arrangements for taking you to Canada with me; and when Lady Mary returns, and I have spoken to her, we will tell Lady Kilmore all about our marriage."

"Lewis," she said after a time looking at him anxiously, "there seems to me hardly motive enough for keeping our marriage secret."

"I am reluctant to show any disrespect to Lady Mary," he replied: "that is all. If I knew where she was and could write to her, or if I could see her, I would do so at once; but I have no idea as to her whereabouts, and she may not return till just before we set sail; then discussion would be awkward and inconvenient. Your aunt, too, at the very last moment might refuse to consent, and it is possible that I might have to go without you; and, though I am a soldier at heart, darling—though I love my profession—I could not do without you. Does not my motive seem sufficient now? If we are married, I shall have but to go to Lady Mary and tell her so, and tell her also that my wife is going to Canada with me; if we are not married, I know not what complications may arise. Oh, Hilary, you must not hesitate!"

"I will not," she answered.

So it was settled; and there was little difficulty in carrying out their arrangements. Lady Kilmore was rather relieved than otherwise when Hilary asked if she might go to Glenglas. There could not be much amiss, she thought, if the girl was willing to leave Weldhome and Captain Carlisle; she even spoke with enthusiasm of the project.

"You see, Hilary, if this invitation came next near, you could not accept it unless I went with you. Next year you will be presented, and you will have a position of your own. You could not go about the country with no one but a maid to look after you. I am glad that the invitation has come now, when you can accept it."

She did not know why the girl's head drooped, or why she flung her arms round her neck, crying—

"There is no one in all the world so good to me as you are, auntie!"

It was the last week in June when Hilary Nairne started on her journey. The maid, Jane Holmes, wondered much why her young mistress had not taken tickets for Glenglas and wondered still more when her mistress alighted at Illswill and ordered a carriage to take them to Norham. She ventured to ask where Norham was, and was told that it was a village but little known. When she asked again why they were going to it, her mistress flushed crimson. The servant wondered still more when she saw Captain Carlisle waiting for them; and then some idea of the truth came into her mind.

"Oh, Miss Nairne!" she cried. But Hilary silenced her with a kiss.

Captain Carlisle never had a more difficult task in his life than to persuade Jane Holmes to be witness of his secret marriage with Hilary Nairne.

"It goes against my conscience," she said. "It is betraying Lady Kilmore; who trusts me, and misleading my young mistress, who knows no better. I would rather die than do it!"

This was a difficulty the lovers had not anticipated. Captain Carlisle used every persuasion, but in vain. At last he told the maid that, whether she consented to do as he wished or not, it would be all the same—the marriage would take place; her unwillingness to assist would however inevitably bring down trouble on her mistress, whom she loved so dearly, and she would besides be deprived of the comfort of her presence.

"It is too late," said the Captain decisively, "to change our arrangements. You cannot stop the marriage: and by deserting Miss Nairne when she needs you must simply bring disgrace upon her that she does not deserve. She trusted entirely to your devotion and affection; do not let her trust in vain."

At last Jane Holmes consented; and on that beautiful June morning Hilary Nairne became the wife of Captain Lewis Carlisle. Such a bride—so lovely and dainty, so tender, so proud, and so loving—was sweet enough and fair enough to bewilder any man; and Captain Carlisle was very bewildered. The one drawback at the ceremony was Jane Holmes' persistency in shedding tears. Several times he said to her—

"Do not cry. Tears at a wedding are always unlucky. Would you bring bad luck to the one whom you love best?"

The church of St. Nurian, in which the marriage ceremony took place, was one of the oldest in England. The walls were mouldy, the roof was not rain proof, and nothing seemed to flourish there but spider's webs. But, amidst all the desolation, there was one thing which dazzled by its beauty, and that was a magnificent stained glass window with a representation of the Crucifixion; and it was with a little shock of dread that Hilary found herself standing in front of the altar, just where the shadow of the cross fell over her.

The Rector was very old, rather deaf, and almost blind. In that sleepy little village they seldom had a wedding—not more than once or twice in a year. The old clergyman made many mistakes in the course of the service; but he succeeded in getting through it at last, and Hilary Nairne was Captain Carlisle's wife.

It was a striking group—the handsome young bridegroom, the white haired clergyman, and the lovely young bride, who stood just where the shadow of the cross fell: When Lewis saw how strongly the shadow fell upon her, he drew Hilary hastily away. She looked up at him inwonder.

"What is the matter?" she whispered? "What have I done?"

"Nothing, my darling. But do you not see that you are standing where the shadow of the cross falls over you? It frightens me to see you there." And long afterwards she thought of his words.

Then they went into the vestry where the register had to be signed; and, if Captain Carlisle had not been so engrossed with his fair young bride, he would have been amused at what succeeded. First of all the keys of the carved oaken cupboard in which the church register were kept were not procurable, and next, when, after some time they were discovered and the cupboard opened, the register was missing, and there was a long for it, before it could be found.

Captain Carlisle noticed that their marriage was the last entry in the old book. He turned a laughing face to the old clergyman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Important Notice!

**As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.**

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Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The premium ring came to hand to-day. It is all you represent it to be, and I am well pleased A. M. K.

Sheridan, Mich., May 26, 1881.
Editor Post:—I received the ring you sent, and I pronounce it superb. As to the Post, it just suits me, price and all. C. S. D.

Montoville, N. J., May 28, 1881.
Editor Post:—I received both ring and paper in due time, and am very much pleased with both The ring is much better than I expected or thought you could afford to send. M. J.

Frostburg, Md. May 26, 1881.
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Editors Post:—Papers and premium duly received. Am very much pleased with both. J. Q. E.

Junction City, May 24, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post: I received the premium ring, and am well pleased with it. It is very beautiful, far ahead of my expectations Accept my thanks. The Post I consider a most excellent paper. Could not do without the weekly visits of the Post. A. A.

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Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received the papers and the premium ring all right I am highly pleased with both. Many thanks for your beautiful present. It is a great deal better than I expected and the Post I consider a most excellent paper. I intend to take it as long as I can, and will do all I can for you. M. K. S.

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Marion, S. C., May 20, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received; everybody says it says it is a diamond. I wouldn't sell it for anything if I could not get another. I will always subscribe for the Post. L. W.

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Editors Post.—The premium received and am much pleased with it. So are all that see them Mrs. A. W.

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Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante ring has been received. It is beautiful. E. F. L.

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Editors Sat. Evening Post:—I received the ring that you sent, and I was very much pleased with it. Everyone who has seen it pronounces it elegant. Accept thanks. The paper alone is worth the money W. B. S.

Savannah, Ga., June 1st 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The ring I received all right, and it much exceeds my expectations. Many thanks for your beautiful present. J. S. K.

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Holloway Store, Va., June 11, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am proud to acknowledge receipt of your valuable present Please accept many thanks and best wishes for your future prosperity. The paper is one of the best I have ever read. S. O. T.

Davis City, Ia., June 13, 1881.
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Goodman, Miss., June 14, 1881
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring has been received. It is superior to anything I expected to get. Many, many thanks for the pleasant surprise. I wish that all who may subscribe will be as well pleased with paper and premium as myself. W. V. S.

Liberty, Kan., June 11, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring and am very well pleased with it. G. F.

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Editors Post:—Premium ring received and am much pleased with it. E. F. D.

**With such inducements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.**

**Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 720 Sansom Street, Phila'a.**

## Glove and Love.

BY MARION HARVELAND

"NOW, Tom, do go to the Wilson's with us to-morrow night," coaxed my sister Maude, standing a step higher to bring her face on a level with mine.

Maude had followed me to the front door, as I left for town after breakfast.

"Maude," I replied, "you know I can't bear the Wilson girls."

"Well, Tom, I know they are rather flat and frowsy, but they're good-hearted girls, and they've got a lovely cousin visiting them. Oh, I know you would like Nelly Edwards."

"Sis, I'm a sworn old bachelor. No doubt Miss Edwards is an angel, but it isn't worth while for me to go to the Wilsons to see her. I'll provide you an escort though, if I don't go myself."

"I mean to coax you to go, so you may as well give in."

Maude gave me a little sisterly slap, by way of a parting salutation, and I started off.

I usually walk up town for the exercise, but when it begins to sprinkle sharply, and a fellow has a spick and span new dust-coat on, why he's apt to fly to a car

That is, I didn't fly, I walked sedately up, and stepped on board a car.

Now it may be there is a predicament more mortifying to a well dressed fellow than to step into a car in the rain and when he slips his hand into his pocket for the fare, to find that in changing clothes he has left his purse, money, all in his t'other pocket.

It may be, I say, but I never got into it.

I discovered the awful truth just as the conductor opened the door.

What in the world was I to do?

Beat an ignominious retreat?

Oh, never!

Ask the conductor to wait till I got the change at the office?

Did ever a conductor do such a thing in his life?

I glanced round the car. Not a soul whom I knew and could ask a loan of.

Two or three frowsy women going to market, a nurse with a baby, some laboring man, three or four dapper clerks, and a young lady in black cashmere, with a pretty little hand without a glove, and a veil over her face, so that I couldn't see what she looked like.

No hope of help for me here, that was plain.

To get out was all that I could do, with the prospect of walking a mile in the rain without an umbrella.

I was just about rising to put my project into execution, when the young lady in black rose, and passed down the car to the rear door.

I sat still a moment to give her room, when as she brushed by me, I felt a soft little hand slip some hard substance into mine.

I glanced down; it was a quarter.

I sprang up; but the car was moving, and I only caught a glimpse of her figure disappearing in the doorway of a house across the sidewalk.

Bless the girl! She had taken in the awkwardness of my position, and hastened in the kindness of her heart to relieve it.

And should I do less than let her kindness work its will? No indeed.

I put the coin into the conductor's hand, received the change, and as I dropped it into my pocket, I picked up something unperceived before, which had fallen into my lap.

It was a little pair of gray kid gloves, cunningly rolled up, in a fashion that women understand, and tucked into each other.

I had seen those gloves only a moment before lying in the lap of the lady opposite when I glanced at her pretty hand.

They were hers

I quietly pushed the little gloves out of sight in my coat-pocket, until I stood in my own office.

Then I took them out, straightened them over my knee, and examined them, but they bore no name.

"Never mind, I'll keep them!" said I, reverently, folding them and putting them back, this time into my breast pocket. "I'll meet that girl again, and then I'll give her a new pair. I wish I had seen her face. Heaven bless her!"

I went home and told Maude my adventure, but I did not tell her my precious little secret, and when she asked me how I managed, I said

"Oh, I got out and walked. It only rained a little."

And so I did, when I got to my corner.

Maude insisted that I should go to the Wilson's party with her, and at last I consented

There was a crowd, and the Wilson girls were noisier than ever.

We had not been there very long when Laura Wilson came up with a tallish golden haired girl, and addressed me

"Miss Edwards, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Tom Stevens. Miss Edwards, Mr. Stevens."

I bowed all politely of course, and I fancied—or was it fancy—that Miss Edwards blushed a little.

She had a slight willowy figure, and a sweet, grave mouth and such true earnest eyes.

I was drawn to her in spite of myself

"How did you like her, Tom?" asked Maude, as we walked home.

"Oh, she'll do very well," I quietly answered.

To myself my thought was—

"If I had met her before yesterday I might have taken a fancy to her, but now if I ever fall in love with anybody, it shall be my little 'Grey Gloves.' For so, not having any other name, I christened my unknown friend."

Maude fell violently in love with Miss Edwards, if I did not.

She would have her at our house half the time, and indeed she did make a very delightful little addition to our little circle.

One morning she came over to our house, and asked Maude to go out shopping with her.

Maude persuaded her to stay until after dinner, and go out in the afternoon.

Miss Edwards consented, and so when I went home I found her there at noon.

After dinner, as they had arranged, they prepared to go out.

Miss Edwards was dressed in a pretty suit of some grey stuff, trimmed with a wavy kind of fringe, silk I suppose, but I don't know how to describe women's peculiarities of costume, you know.

She had on a hat to match, and she laughed as she put on a pair of black gloves, saying to Maude with one little hand out—

"See, these are a lovely match, aren't they? I'm going to get some to wear with this suit, this afternoon. I lost my best grey ones about two weeks ago, and have neglected to get any more."

Maude went out for something just then and with a sudden impulse I went up to Nelly Edwards and said—

"Miss Edwards, do you know where you lost your gloves?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "I had them in my hand, but not put on and I never missed them till I got home to aunt Mary's. Why did you ask, Mr Stevens?"

"Was it a rainy morning?" I persisted, ignoring her question, and looking straight into her sweet eyes.

"Yes," said she, and all at once turned rosy-red all over her sweet face.

"I'll tell you why," said I, bending very close down and speaking low. "Because one rainy morning, two weeks ago, I met an 'angel' in the street car, and if she lost her grey gloves, why I found them, and if she'll let me, I'll call at her aunt Mary's to-night and give them to her. May I?"

"Yes," said Nelly, and Maude's voice sounding at the door, I turned away without a single word more.

But I called at the Wilson's house that evening, and instead of asking for the ladies as usual, I asked only for Miss Edwards.

She came in directly, and after we had chatted a moment, though I noticed that she seemed very much embarrassed, and not like her easy self, I went over and sat down beside her, and took the little grey gloves from my pocket, laid them on her lap, and said—

"Are these yours, Miss Edwards?"

She looked at them a moment, and answered—

"Yes, they are certainly mine, but I don't know where you found them."

"I'll tell you. They dropped into my lap when you did me the most delicate little act of kindness I ever received in my life."

And I returned her her gloves, but asked her to give me something in place of them Well, I won't tell just now how my Nelly answered, but she said "yes," anyhow, and so I won her.

And Maude was delighted; but Nelly never would let me tell her how I found the little grey gloves.

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PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.—Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men. There was never good or ill but women had to do with it. Modesty is the beauty of women. I like not pullets becoming cocks Take no woman for a wife in whom you cannot find a flaw. Choose your wife as you wish your children to be. Take a bird from a clean nest. Choose the good mother's daughter, were the devil her father If you take a wife from hell, she'll bring you home there. When you see a well bred woman, catch her, catch her; if you don't do it, another will match her. Their own will to all men, all their will to women. What a woman knows not she'll conceal. Harsh is the praise that cannot be listened to; dark are the dames that cannot be dallied with Where a cow is a woman will be, where a woman is, temptation will be. A man's wife is his blessing or bane. If you wish to be praised die; if you wish to be decried, marry You are too merry, you ought to marry. Who speaks ill of his wife disconors himself. True or false, it will injure a woman. Warm is the mother's breath.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

A FAMILY JOB.—The Eleans, a people of Greece, for whom Phidias, the famous sculptor, executed the statue of Jupiter Olympus, in honor of the memory of the artist, and in respect for the surpassing beauty of his work, erected, in favor of his descendants, a lucrative office, of which the only duty consisted in taking care of, and keeping free from blemish that celebrated piece of art.

FISHERMAN SUPERSTITIONS.—There are many amusing superstitions still prevalent among the herring fishermen of England and Scotland. For years the Manx fishermen durst not put to sea without a dead wren to warn off storms and disaster. This was due to a tradition of a spirit which hunted the herrings and was attended by storms. at length it took the form of a wren and flew away. Consequently a dead wren was thought to keep things straight.

LIFE AND DEATH.—Madame Maintenon, mistress of Louis XIV of France, was still able to distribute favors on her deathbed to her favorites The dead are disregarded by the selfish. Hardly had she expired but the scene changed. Two domestics carried out her body on a hand barrow from the palace to her private home. The king stood at the window, as her remains were carried by. "The marchioness," said he, "will have bad weather on her journey."

WEEDS.—There is one peculiarity about weeds which is very remarkable, viz., that they only appear on ground which, either by cultivation or for some other purpose, has been disturbed by man. They are never found truly wild, in woods or uncultivated wastes far away from human dwellings. They never grow on virgin soil, where human beings have never been. No weeds exist in those parts of the earth that are uninhabited.

PLAYING AT HANGING.—"Playing at hanging," a Tartarian winter dinner diversion, was anciently much in vogue. "They fasten a noose from a height," we are told, "and place directly under it a stone which easily turns round when anyone steps on it. Lots are drawn, and the winner has to mount the stone and put his head in the noose, holding in his hand a curved knife. Then some one passes and jogs the stone, and thus the man is left hanging Unless he very quickly cuts the noose, he is a dead man. When such an event happens the others laugh, and think it fun."

A RUSSIAN REPUBLIC.—It is a singular fact that in the very heart of autocratic Russia still exists a community representing the most extreme form of republican government ever known. This is the Cossacks. It was divided into various sections, each headed by its own captain, the supreme being in the hands of a President. This officer's election was conducted in the most primative manner. His investiture was accomplished by the simple process of merely smearing his head with mud placing an iron mace in his hands, and bidding him strive hard with it, which, to do him justice, he generally does.

BURIAL RITES.—A curious custom prevails in one of the provinces of China, where, in the event of two betrothed persons dying at the same period, they are married while their coffins are still in their former dwelling, and afterwards burnt together The Hottentots bury their dead in the wild clefts of rocks and caverns. The Peruvians bear them to the neighboring hills and mountains. The Greenlanders wrap their dead in furs and skins and carry themselves to a considerable distance from their huts. In Kamschatka and Siberia bodies are covered with snow in caverns and caves

ALL IS VANITY.—There is a vanity in affected humility as in ostentatious grandeur. Saladin, the great Mahommedan, in his last illness, instead of his usual standard, ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald who displayed this winding sheet as a flag was commanded to exclaim aloud, "Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests." He was wrong there. He came naked into the world and he left it naked. Saladin was vain. He sought in dying to contrast the power he had enjoyed with the feebleness of his condition; to pass from the world in a striking antithesis; to make his death scene an epigram. All was vanity.

SYNAGOGUES.—The Jewish synagogues or churches have no certain form; but they have each of them an altar, or rather table, upon which the Book of the Law is spread. At the east side there is a cupboard or chest called the The Ark, in which the holy book, or roll of the law, called the Torah, is kept; and there are generally a great many lamps hung to the ceiling. The seats of the synagogues are so placed that the people always sit with their faces toward the elders, and the place where the law is kept; and the elders sit with their backs to this chest or ark, and their faces to the people. These places are the chief seats in the synagogues, which the Pharisees sought after and for which our Lord condemns them. The women are separated from the men in a chamber, which joining to the synagogue, they can from thence hear and see what is done.

# Hoathley Hall.

BY J. P. CAMPBELL.

ON a savagely cold day at the very close of the year, a couple of pedestrians plodded a sad and weary way along a country road in the direction of an old country town. They were an elderly man and a young girl, both poorly clad.

The young girl shrank close to her companion, and in a quivering voice murmured—

"Have we far to go?"

"It is far to our destination—that is, far, Dyris, my love, to one so worn and weary-footed as you are."

Gallantly as the man struggled on, famished with hunger, frozen to the bone, and tired to powerlessness, he became despairing—hopeless.

But at the end of the lane was another by-road, though of somewhat important dimensions. A short way down it there stood some tall iron gates, and within them, oh, welcome sight! a small lodge. The wanderers entered it.

An old man stood with his back toward him, in front of a fire. The wayfarer touched him lightly on the shoulder, and was instantly responded to by a yell of horror, and a bound of three or four feet into a corner of the room.

A few words from the fatigued traveler, however, re-assured him, and, drawing a long breath, he said, in a bewildering kind of way—

"Oh, you've coom t' ha' night at hall? You know that you be at Hoathley Hall, doan't you? No? Then listen. The hall yonder be haunted. Years ago—many, many years agone—on New Year's Eve a bloody murder took place in the hall. The Lord of Hoathley was slain for wronging a young and beautiful lady he wur to a' married. Her gifted rose up aside him when he were down with his heart a blood a welling out and patching the stones, and she uttered a curse on the house, saying that it should be visited by horrors, until a fair girl, without dowry, loves a Lord of Hoathley for himself an' not his wealth an' lands, an' he marries her poor an' helpless as she shall be. Now all the horrors o' this curse take place o' New Year's Eve, and the lady-love is to pass t' night in it, an' there meet the lord of Hoathley Hall. An' they together be to remove the ban. But, Lord, what poor girl could pass the night there? She'd be scared to death."

"Does the Lord of Hoathley Hall entertain guests here on this night?" asked the traveler, anxiously.

The old man shivered and nodded.

"He comes hither alone; and goes away when no man knows; but, Lord ha' mussy, he be raving mad for weeks arter it. What he sees he tells nobody; but it mun' be awful. Ah, he have offered a thousan' poun', house, an' bit o' land, to any one who'll keep him company the night through; but no one durst. You had better die in the road than tempt the devils there."

"You can perhaps shelter us in this lodge for the night," suggested the traveler, as he gazed solicitously on the wan face of his child.

The old man shook his head very decidedly, and returned, emphatically—

"I mayn't. My orders be very strict. You must go up to the Hall where you will get plenty, or out in t' snow."

He abruptly interrupted, in a hoarse whisper, as a deep-toned bell suddenly chimed seven.

The traveler felt his scalp vibrate at the sound, but more at the convulsive terror which the old man betrayed; but when the latter, scarcely able to force out his words, told him that he must at once proceed to the hall, or continue his journey in the snow-storm, he bent over his daughter's pallid face, and whispered—

"Have you heard?"

She nodded faintly.

"Do you fear?" he asked.

"With you at my side and God to watch over me I fear nothing," she returned, with more firmness than he anticipated.

He turned to the old man.

"We will pass the night within the hall!" he exclaimed, in a calm, steadfast tone.

The old man gasped twice or thrice, and then he muttered—

"May the Lord have mercy upon you two!"

With that he took down a thick cloak and covered it over the young girl. Then the three walking up the avenue passed the main entrance of the Hall. Then the old man turned to the traveler, and with a face as white as hoar-frost, with starting eyes and chattering teeth, he pointed to the lightless space, and whispered, nervously and hurriedly—

"Enter in there. Walk straight on up the grand staircase to the banqueting-room, where you are expected!"

This said, shrieking and yelling, the old man flew down the avenue as fast as his poor old legs could follow him.

The traveler and his daughter were left alone.

With a resolute front, a steadfast eye, and a firm step, the two proceeded along a wide passage way, and without pausing, entered a magnificent banqueting-room, where they saw a table, furnished with a superb service of gold plate. There were covers laid for thirteen! There were thirteen chairs facing them, as though thirteen guests were expected.

Close to them there stood a small table, holding a handsome golden tray, bearing a magnificently chased bottle and a set of rare Venetian glasses, and dishes containing sweetmeats, grapes, roseate apples, pears, and biscuits.

There was upon it, however, a placard, upon which was written—

"If faint and hungered, refresh here but attempt not to partake of the banquet until those who will appear to greet you have assembled."

Starvation and despair banished fear, and both lunched heartily.

Who were to greet them at the banquet? When would they appear? How would they present themselves?—in what form?

Hark!

There is a footstep in the hall. Suddenly, seeming to glide on to the threshold, appeared the form of a handsome young man, and his wondering eyes fell upon the father—and the daughter. They rested there.

He bore his hat in his hand; on his arm hung a heavy cloak; and his garb was that of to-day.

Presently, in an agreeable musical voice, he spoke.

"I pray your pardon!" he said, softly. "I have been overtaken by the heavy snow-storm. I am a wayfarer. My horse has knocked up, and seeing a light here, I entered an open portal below. Of your Christian charity, I beg a little rest and refreshment."

The spell was broken. In less than three minutes the newcomer was welcomed, and made acquainted with the state of affairs as they had thus far happened to the traveler and his daughter, and the trio became as friendly together as if they had known each other for years.

At this moment the great bell in the clock turret chimed the hour of ten.

At length the sound died away, and under the influence of another glass, the father stated his name to be Adam Walsingham; that he was on his way to Thetford, to endeavor to find some records which would prove his title to some property to which he was entitled, and that the infamous rascality of a speculating banker had reduced him to the condition of a mere beggar until he could successfully prosecute his claims to the possession alluded to.

And the young man said for his own part, he had been away from England from his boyhood, and he had returned to look up a claim he had to a great estate in the country. And his name was Francis de Vere.

The bell in the clock tower tolled eleven. Its last notes died away in the air, and the silence of death followed.

Suddenly the sounds of heavy chains dashed to the ground were heard in the hall below; massive bolts to fly back in their cells; then ensued the trampling of many feet.

Walsingham and De Vere felt their hair slowly bristle up, and trembled from head to foot; for there came the soft, measured tread of stately footsteps along the corridor—the curious, sibilant sounds of silk trains sweeping the floor; and it seemed that five couples were filing slowly and with dignified motion into the room.

But of the first four none were visible; of the last couple there appeared one only, and he, with a slow gait, marched into the room as if he were conducting a haughty, high-born dame, who, however, was invisible. His attire was of to-day too, and he seemed to be in a trance.

At this instant, both Walsingham and De Vere recognized in him an exact resemblance to the last and most freshly-painted portrait hanging upon the walls.

It was the Lord of Hoathley!

He seated himself at the head of the table and removed the covers.

The meats, and game, and viands sent forth an odor which incited in both Walsingham and De Vere the appetites of ravening wolves. The dumb and pale host motioned to De Vere to take the place by the side of Dyris, and Walsingham that beside him, and when they had done so, he exclaimed, in a harsh, husky, grating voice—

"Eat!"

And they did eat and drink, although they saw no one in the vacant chairs doing the like. Walsingham ate and drank, and stared fixedly at his host. He pledged him without return, until at an unexpected moment he leaped to his feet, lifted up a goblet, and poised it in the air.

"Rise!" he exclaimed, in a gasping, unearthly voice.

There came a strange, awful sound of rustling silk.

The host held forth his goblet before him, and said, sepulchrally—

"The Old Year dies! To the New Year!"

Ere the goblets in their shaking hands could reach their lips the deep-toned bell of the clock tower chimed the hour of twelve.

Then a voice cried loudly—

"Dead! O life to come! Drink!"

With a kind of madness the men drank, and Dyris sank fainting to her seat.

A pale gray flickering light at this instant illuminate the chair on the right hand of the host.

The Lord of Hoathley saw it, and receded back in his chair, recoiling from it in unutterable horror.

Gradually there became palpable the form of a young and beautiful woman. The host looked. The figure rose and left the room while he followed.

The strange rustling of silk went after them and died in the distance.

Though the three waited in terrified silence nothing more happened, and glad they were when the wintry dawn lit up the East.

At seven they quitted the mysterious hall with promptitude. They were met at the lodge gate by the old keeper. He stared with amazement, half scared at De Vere, for he knew nothing of his coming; but he did not address a word to him. He only said to Walsingham—

"Lived through t' night then. Can stay in it for t' year, if so be ye loikes."

"Not for the wealth of worlds," responded Walsingham, and drawing the arm of Dyris in his he turned away.

It proved not to be very far to Thetford, and De Vere, who had recovered his horse, accompanied them there.

He was very attentive to Dyris. Very soft, gentle, and fervent in his conduct; but never said one word of love to her, although his eyes constantly spoke it. Just as he became inexpressibly dear to her he disappeared from Thetford.

Walsingham, after the closest search, failed to establish his claim, and became wretchedly poor. Dyris slaved in silence, and without complaining, at embroidery, which was poorly paid, and their united efforts could barely keep the wolf from the door.

But she smiled in her father's wan face, and strove to cheer him, for she thought Frank would come again.

But Christmas came, and he had not appeared. On that saintly day they had only a dry crust for dinner, and Dyris wept bitterly.

A few days afterwards her father said suddenly to her—

"If I pass another New Year's Eve at Hoathley Hall I shall secure a thousand pounds, house, and lands. I have passed one terrible night there, and claimed nothing. I will dare another, but I will dare it alone."

It was in vain that Dyris implored, entreated, prayed him to allow her to accompany him. He stubbornly, sternly, and firmly refused her. On the arrival of the 31st of December he set out at dusk—a black and drear day it had been—alone.

He entered the Hall as a year ago, but Dyris is there before him.

He guessed that her love for him had brought her there. So it had; but not quite all, for when she sank into his arms as he stretched them to her, she glanced timidly round the great, grand, brilliantly lighted room. But, alas! Frank De Vere was not there.

Hark! A footstep on the stairs; it moves along the corridor; a pause at the threshold. A young man stands in the doorway. A scream of joy rushes to Dyris's lips, but does not escape. It is Frank.

Walsingham regarded him with an aspect of ice. Dyris would have flung herself in his arms, and twined her own about his neck, if she had dared—but she did not dare.

"I am a beggar. I have come here to win a thousand pounds!" exclaimed Walsingham, sternly.

Frank De Vere raised his hand.

"I only reached England yesterday," he interposed. "I have been away since I was called so suddenly from you; but I wrote many times."

Walsingham made an angry gesture.

"We never heard from you!" murmured Dyris, reproachfully.

"I have all the letters here, Walsingham," he answered, producing a packet. "They were intercepted, and your claim to property, which I believe you had secured, was frustrated by the machinations of a villain—my cousin! Look!" he added, in a strangely thrilling tone, as he pointed to the chairs ranged round the banquet-table, "there are only twelve chairs, the thirteenth is gone—the thirteenth is dead!"

He directed his hand to a portrait on the wall. It was that of their host at their previous meeting in this room. Then he subjoined, with solemnity—

"Let us await the voices of the dead!"

Two hours of nine and ten struck, but no sound came. Even boomed forth; and then Dyris clung to her father and turned pale. A thrill ran through the nerves of Walsingham and De Vere, and their eyes turned to the doorway. There came the noises and the rustling of silk as before. The ghostly invisible file swept into the room, and whisked and arranged itself as before on both sides of the table. Then came a freezing silence. Frank suddenly took the hand of Dyris, and led her to the head of the table. He bade Walsingham follow him. He obeyed. Frank placed Dyris on his right hand, and her father on the opposite side of him, and standing up, he said, aloud—

"Eat!"

As before, as if all fear had suddenly been stripped from them, the three enjoyed the banquet mightily. All coldness vanished, and they became as friendly as in the hours preceding their parting.

Suddenly the clock struck twelve. They started, for the casement slowly opened, and strains of heavenly music came floating in.

"It is the birth of the new year—of new hopes—of new happiness!" whispered Frank to Dyris. "O, my love! my darling! my worshipped! my adored! you are my very breath of life—you will trample it out with heel of ice if you say you love me not!"

He had taken her hand as he breathed his words, in low, musical tones, and she raised his gently to her lips.

"With my soul I love you, Frank!" she responded, in a low voice.

"And will you be mine, poor as I am?" he pleaded.

"Yours if you were poorer than I am, and I am destitute of all but my love for you!" she responded, with an ardor unusual to her.

"The spell is broken!" cried Frank, and he sprang to his feet, bringing up also Walsingham, who was in a dazed. Then he added, in a loud, joyful voice, "When for himself is loved the Lord of Hoathley Hall, then from his house removed shall be the ghostly thrall! Lo, I am Lord of Hoathley Hall!"

So it proved. The previous lord was dead. He had never recovered the horrors of the preceding New Year's Eve; and Frank being next of kin, though of some removes in the direct line, succeeded to the title. He took Dyris to be the Lady of Hoathley Hall. The ghostly visitants vanished for ever. And on the next New Year's Eve only happiness, delight, and enjoyment reigned throughout the prolonged festivities kept up with princely magnificence at Hoathley Hall.

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ABOUT THE TIGER.—The tiger makes its lungles in densely wooded districts bordering on watercourses. Like the lion, it has a den, to which it retires for rest. Thence it steals forth, secretes itself in a wood on the borders of a frequented path, and there, concealed from every eye, awaits its victim. The moment it sees the object of its desire, its eyes flash, and the whole body manifests a savage joy. It allows the unsuspecting prey to draw near, and when it is sufficiently close, springs upon it with tremendous velocity. If it wince prey at a distance, it glides through the high grass with the undulating movements of the serpent, almost impossible to be detected by human eye.

The tiger has for a long time born a reputation for cruelty, as little deserved as that for generosity which has been given the lion. The old naturalists pretended that the tiger gloried in shedding blood, and that it never saw a living creature without desiring to destroy it. Nothing can be more untrue. The tiger does not kill for the pleasure of killing, it kills only to appease its hunger.

Tiger hunting holds a high place among the amusements of the Indian nabobs and the English officers stationed at Hindostan. This sport is principally followed on elephants placed in line and on which the hunters ride. When all is ready, at a preconcerted signal they enter the jungles, beat them in every direction, and compel the tiger to show itself. Firearms then do their work. It often happens that the ferocious beasts spring on the flank of an elephant and tries to seize one of the riders.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the tiger is capable of being trained and rendered perfectly docile; it is even susceptible of a certain degree of attachment. One that lived in a menagerie in Paris had been brought from India in a ship on which it had been allowed to wander about at large. The confidence it inspired was such that the cabin boys lay between its legs, and slept with their heads on its flanks.

A tigress which had been brought to England, and which had not shown any signs of a bad disposition on board ship, became morose when shut up in the menagerie. Some time after, however, a sailor, one of its late travelling companions, came to visit the menagerie, and solicited permission to enter the den where this tigress was confined. The latter at once recognized him, and testified the greatest pleasure. All the day after its friend had departed it lay prostrate with grief.

It is said that Nero had a tigress named Phoebe, which he often kept near him in his apartments, and which he more than once made the instrument of his brutal, vindictive feelings. At the termination of an orgy, nothing gratified him so much as to point out to this animal some illustrious patrician that had come under his displeasure, and quickly a bleeding victim rolled at the feet of the monster with a human face. Here the veritable tiger was Nero.

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Blame not before you examine the truth.

### WHY?

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

"The reason why we love thee dost thou ask?
We love for many reasons joined in one;
Because thy face is fair to look upon;
Because, when pains or toils our hearts o'ertask,
In sunny smiles of thine they love to bask:
Because thou honorest all, and harmest none:
Because thy froward moods so soon are gone:
Thy many faults and foibles wear no mask:—
Because thou art a woman. Unto me
A gracious woman is a child mature;
Docile, and gentle, though with many a lure
Enriched, and, in a soft subjection free;
A sanguine creature, full of winning ways;
Athirst for love and shyly pleased with praise."

# AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC

## CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

LENA felt more at home as they went on to discuss details. Bertha took no part in the conversation, but followed the others silently, amusing herself the while with examining the beautiful works of art and objects of *virtu* scattered about the rooms.

"These are the rooms I have always occupied when in town since this house has ceased to be a home to me, and these I think of retaining for my own use," said Lord Alphington, with a heavy sigh, as, crossing a landing, he opened a door leading to several rooms at the back of the house.

The first of these was fitted up as a library. They had no sooner entered it than the crimson blood rushed to Lena's cheeks and brow.

"Oh, Bertha—look!" she cried.

Bertha, glancing towards the point to which her sister directed her attention, started. She also blushed, and then turned pale, while a film of moisture came over her eyes and blurred the object she looked at.

"What is it, young ladies?" Lord Alphington asked, in surprise. "What do you find so extraordinary in the portrait of my unfortunate son?"

Lena was the first to regain self possession. Bertha's heart throbbed fast; she could not trust herself to speak.

"Nothing very extraordinary, after all," Lena declared; "but that portrait is certainly very remarkably like a person we know—so much so that it startled us both at first."

"Indeed!" said Lord Alphington. "Who may it be?"

"I suppose you mean Mr St. Lawrence," put in Mrs. Dalton. "Yes, now I look at the picture, there certainly is a resemblance—something in the eyes is it not? And the lips and chin, and the color of the hair are the same. But I am afraid Lord Alphington will not feel flattered," she added, with a little laugh. "It is a young artist, a landscape painter, with whom we had some acquaintance; but I have felt it necessary to decline his visits—there seems to be something mysterious about him, and Mr. Fancourt gave me to understand that he was not a person he would like to meet; so of course I had no choice, you know."

"Humph!" Lord Alphington ejaculated.

As he turned from the complacent matron, he caught sight of the reflection of Bertha's face in a mirror. She had moved away, unaware of the treacherous looking glass. Her cheeks were still flushed and tears trembled in her eyes. Lord Alphington perceived that there was something wrong with his favorite Bertha, and not unnaturally connected it with the name that had just been mentioned. He, tender hearted as he was, could not bear to think of that sweet girl as unhappy—he had before noticed that she was thinner and paler than when he had met her at the Larches. He had no great faith in any opinion expressed by his grandson; moreover, the idea of a likeness to his lost son interested him greatly. He thought he should like to see this young painter, who had power to raise such strong emotions in Bertha's gentle nature.

"Is this young artist clever?" he asked Mrs Dalton.

"Oh, very, I believe. I'm no great judge of art myself, though," she answered.

"Will you have the kindness to give me his address?" said Lord Alphington. "I was thinking the other day that, if I saw a landscape that took my fancy, I should like to purchase it to fill a recess in the morning room at Alphington Park."

Mrs. Dalton, always good natured, gave the required address with a feeling of pleasure. Lord Alphington wrote it down in his pocketbook, and there the subject dropped, being superseded by others more interesting to the majority of the party.

Soon after the ladies took their departure; an interval of rest was necessary, this being the evening of the long anticipated ball at Highgate.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE house where the ball was to be given was beautifully situated on the brow of the hill. The windows commanded a fine view; the gardens and pleasure grounds were extensive. There had been some talk of decorating the gardens with colored lamps, but it was late in the season for evening wandering out of doors, though summer seemed almost to have returned for a few days; moreover, the moon was at its brightest, affording light enough to any who chose to escape for a while from the thick of the throng; so the idea was given up, and all resources were drawn upon to create a brilliant scene within doors.

Mrs. Dalton had been desirous that a card of invitation should be sent to Mr. Fancourt.

"I am sure Mrs Newcomb would be proud to receive him," she said.

But Lena gave a decided negative to the proposal. She was not anxious to appear with her *fiance* in her train; on the contrary, she was always thankful to escape for a while from Mr. Fancourt's presence, and had a strong feeling that being obliged to receive his attentions in public would be unbearably irksome.

"He is too much a man of the world to dance attendance upon me when I am his wife," she said to Bertha; "at all events I would not allow it, and I will not undergo the boredom of having him hanging about now, when I can avoid it."

"Oh, Lena!" was the reproachful response; but Lena only turned away when Bertha began to expostulate, or to express her fears for the future. She would not listen, would not be warned. She had a wonderful stubbornness of nature under that soft exterior of hers—firmness it would have been termed, if in a better cause.

As usual, the sisters were very diversely attired for the ball. Lena wore a white silk, trimmed with rare old lace that had formed part of the bridal paraphernalia of Captain Dalton's great grandmother. She had also adorned herself with the set of turquoises Mr. Fancourt had given her; nor did she decline to accept a rare bouquet for the occasion, though she had avoided having his company, and could well have dispensed with the kiss that accompanied it.

Bertha's dress was of white muslin over a pale pink silk skirt; her only ornament a small gold chain and locket, a birthday gift from her godfather, Sir Stephen Langley; her bouquet a few late rosebuds from the garden. But her sweet face, lighted up with anticipation of pleasure, needed no adventitious aid—at least so thought one who had been eagerly watching for her arrival.

While St. Lawrence and Douglas were in the habit of visiting constantly at Mrs Dalton's, they, as a matter of course, became more or less acquainted with the intimate friends of the family. Young Newcombe was something of a dabbler in art, and was much given to attach himself to such artists and literary men as he happened to fall in with, and liked to adopt the airs of one of the fraternity. He had therefore gladly cultivated the acquaintance of the two artists; and they on their part tolerated the lad, partly for the sake of the amusement his affectations afforded them, and partly out of their abundant good nature.

Both St. Lawrence and Douglas had been invited to this party—handsome, lively young men were always a welcome addition on such occasions—and Douglas's defection had been a subject of regret. St. Lawrence, however, arrived in good time. Mrs. Newcombe had appointed him one of the stewards, to assist her son in keeping the ball going, in token whereof he had a crimson ribbon fastened to his button hole, a decoration which caused more than one of the guests to ask, "Who is that very distinguished looking man wearing the 'Legion of Honor?'"

When Mrs. Dalton perceived him, she felt rather embarrassed, remembering their last interview. She merely bowed as she passed him; and he returned her salutation, with the same half-compassionate smile on his lips which had puzzled her before. Lena stopped and held out her hand. She did not believe one word of what her betrothed had hinted against him; she expected to meet him—it was this that had made her so determined to come to the ball. She anticipated as a matter of course that he would immediately ask her to dance, and that he would be in a state of despondency about her approaching marriage, when she would give him some token of remembrance—a rosebud, perhaps—which he would lay up amongst his choicest treasures and mourn over in secret.

Lena's vanity had led her to take it for granted that, when St. Lawrence had been in the habit of coming frequently to the house, it was herself he came to see; and, as his visits ceased about the time Fancourt's attentions became unmistakeably marked, she had retained the delusion. To her mortification and disappointment, however, he did not ask her to dance immediately. He shook hands with her, making some remark about the beauty of the evening and the brilliancy of the scene, in a tone that even she was compelled to interpret as betokening perfect ease and indifference as far as she was concerned, and then he turned to Bertha, and engaged her for the quadrille just about to be formed.

Lena, however, was never in want of partners. She was beyond all comparison the belle of the assembly, and, though the gnawing sense of regret for something lost out of her life made itself doubly felt in St. Lawrence's presence, she had incense enough burned before her during the evening to gratify her vanity and keep her in a pleasurable state of excitement.

Mrs. Dalton was not displeased to see St. Lawrence dancing with Bertha. There could be no harm in that, she reflected. Bertha was not always so well provided with partners as Lena, and it would have been a mortification to her to see either of her daughters sitting out the evening; so she shook out her *moire antique*, tossed back her point lace lappets, fluttered her fan, and prepared herself to receive the congratulations of those of her acquaintances there assembled upon the splendid match her elder daughter was about to make.

St. Lawrence and Bertha spoke but little during the first dance. It was happiness enough to be together. As their hands met, as they stood side by side, as she felt his eyes bent upon her, and listened to the tones of his voice in the few words he spoke, the joyful conviction forced itself upon Bertha's mind that she was beloved, and in the softly flushed cheeks, the downcast eyes, the tremor of the little fingers in his clasp, St. Lawrence fancied he read signs that bade him hope.

"You will give me the next waltz, will you not?" he asked, bending over her, as, at last request, he led her to a seat.

"I think not the next," replied Bertha, smiling, at the same time glancing towards her mother, who she perceived was watching them.

"Constituted authorities might object, you mean," said St. Lawrence, following the direction of her eyes. "Save a round dance for me later on, then. You will not refuse me that?" he pleaded, taking her tablet, and writing his name against a waltz.

Bertha smiled assent.

"Now you must go," she announced. "You must not forget that you are on duty."

"Tell me one thing," he said, in a tone of anxiety, as he still lingered near her. "Is Fancourt to be here to-night? I fancied he might be coming with you."

"No," Bertha replied, "he is not coming."

She had it on her lips to say that Lena had not been anxious for his attendance, but checked herself. St. Lawrence seemed, however, to read by intuition what was in her mind.

"You will think that I speak in riddles," he observed, in a low tone. "If I tell you that I am glad your sister's affections are not bound up in this marriage."

"You frighten me!" Bertha returned, in the same low voice, looking alarmed.

"I am sorry to have to do that," St. Lawrence declared; "and the worst of it is, I cannot at present explain myself. Would you be grieved personally if anything occurred to break off this match?"

"Personally, no," Bertha replied, more and more alarmed. "I don't mind telling you that I never got over my first dislike to Mr. Fancourt—and you know how strong that was. Now you really must go. There's Mrs. Newcomb looking for you."

"I am thankful you at any rate will not suffer," he said, under his breath, with a sigh of relief; and then he went to help to introduce new comers for the next dance, leaving Bertha agitated by the doubts and fears his words had suggested.

St. Lawrence asked Lena to dance once, but her card was already full—a notification he received with provoking tranquility. Bertha danced several times, and sat out other dances once or twice. This she preferred doing. She could not go on dancing square dances and round in endless succession without fatigue, as Lena seemed able to do.

At last St. Lawrence came to claim the promised waltz. He saw the troubled expression of her face, and whispered, as he placed his arm round her with a gentle pressure:

"Take courage—all will be for the best, I hope and trust."

There were several German waltzes played that night which sounded as if they had been composed expressly for lovers to dance to. In the midst of the joyous triplets an undertone of pathos made itself felt; deep sentiment seemed akin to sadness. Such music now resounded through the room as St. Lawrence and Bertha floated along together, the beating of their hearts appearing to keep time to the pleasant strains. On they went, scarcely conscious of anything but the bliss of the moment, till the music stopped with a grand crash.

"Will you not come out for a while? The gardens are lovely in the moonlight. Are you afraid?" asked St. Lawrence.

"Oh, no—I do not easily take cold," Bertha replied.

One end of the room in which they had been dancing formed a semicircle. In this were three windows, opening down to the ground, and communicating with a broad balcony, or rather terrace, covered by a verandah supported by light columns. As they passed out St. Lawrence took up a shawl that had been thrown over the balcony, without stopping to inquire to whom it might belong, wrapped it round his companion, and led her down the steps into the garden.

A few groups were scattered about the lawn, chatting and laughing. St. Lawrence drew Bertha onwards towards the shrubbery, where the moonlight fell in silver showers through the trees. Here they found themselves alone. The murmur of voices and strains of music fell softened on their ears. They spoke on indifferent subjects as they crossed the garden, and Bertha talked on, half afraid of an avowal she yet longed to hear.

"I must tell you such a singular incident that happened to-day," she said. "We went to Magnus Square; Lord Alphington wished Lena to give her opinion about decorating the rooms. When we went into the library we were both so startled! There was a life-sized portrait on one side of the fireplace which I should have taken for you. The likeness is something extraordinary."

Bertha felt the arm on which she leaned tremble, and there was slight huskiness in St. Lawrence's voice as he answered:

"Indeed! Whose portrait was it?"

"The portrait of his unfortunate son, Lord Alphington said. I suppose he meant his youngest son, who went to America," Bertha replied.

"No doubt," St. Lawrence assented; and then there was a pause.

Bertha sought for something more to say; the silence that had fallen upon them seemed so full of meaning. It was St. Lawrence, however, who spoke first.

"You no doubt have heard what took place between Mrs. Dalton and myself the last time I called?" he said.

"Something I heard," replied Bertha; "but, oh, Mr. St Lawrence, pray don't think I could believe anything that was said!"

The tone in which she unconsciously spoke went straight to her companion's heart. He stopped, and, taking her two hands in his, looked down into her face. He felt them quiver with emotion; he could not mistake the expression of those shy pleading eyes.

"Bertha!" he cried, as, still holding her hands, he drew them to his breast. "Mine! Is it so? Am I indeed so blest?"

"Yes," said Bertha, softly—"yours, if you will."

"Oh, my love—my love!" he exclaimed, drawing her to him altogether now, in rapture, as he caught the murmured words. "But think well of what you are doing," he said, after an instant. "Do you know that I may never be able to take the name that rightfully belongs to me—never be able to clear myself from suspicion—that I may even be obliged to go abroad again, hunted down, though for no fault of mine?"

"Oh, Eustace," Bertha whispered, as her head rested against his breast, "what is all that to me?"

"Then let what will come, I care not," he exclaimed, as he clasped her close and, bending down, he pressed a long and fervent kiss on her lips.

How long they yet lingered neither could have said, but Bertha began at length to be aware that time was passing rapidly.

"We ought to go in," she said; "I am sure it is getting very late."

Mrs. Dalton had missed her younger daughter; supper was over, and still she had not appeared.

"Why, where in the world have you been!" she asked, as Bertha at last joined her. "You have been overheating yourself, I am sure—you look quite flushed."

"Do I, mamma?" Bertha returned. "Isn't it almost time to go home?"

"That is just as Lena likes," Mrs. Dalton replied. "If you don't get partners, it is no reason why Lena's enjoyment should be cut short. You don't know what congratulations I have had to-night regarding the marriage she is about to make. I have had a proud evening, I assure you."

Bertha sighed as a foreboding took possession of her, a presentiment of evil to come, arising from her lover's mysterious words. She sat down by her mother's side; she would not dance any more. But Mrs Dalton observed nothing, and Bertha had time to regain composure before Lena announced her readiness to depart.

St. Lawrence found an opportunity to press Bertha's hand in saying good night, but he did not hand them down to the carriage that awaited them, unwilling to draw down any animadversions upon Bertha until he had borne the first brunt by making confession to Mrs. Dalton, and begging for a reversal of judgment.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AND the day so full of excitement for Lena, so full of happiness for Bertha, proved a busy day for Fancourt's confidential man John. He had told Perkins he would call at the cottage to inquire after Mrs. Lemont; and this he accordingly did after seeing his master mount his horse.

"I shall not be back till late," announced Fancourt, as John stood at the door of the inn to see him off.

"Very good, sir," said John; "perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind my running up to town on a little business of my own?"

"Run to the deuce, if you like, only be here when I come back," was Fancourt's reply.

"Very good, sir," said John again, the habitual smile on his lips undisturbed.

With his hands in his pockets he present-

ly strolled down to the cottage. Eliza, the maid servant, opened the door at his summons.

"How do you do, my dear!" inquired John. "No need to ask, though; you look as blooming as the pink ribbons on that pink cap of yours."

"La, Mr. John," said Eliza, with a smirk, "what nonsense you do talk! Won't you step in?"

"Not now, thanks," John replied; "I only just called in to ask how your mistress is this morning. Mr. Perkins said she was not very well yesterday."

"No more she was, and no more she is," returned Eliza. "She was took very faint and ill after breakfast yesterday, and she ain't no better."

"Hasn't she seen a doctor?" John inquired.

"No," Eliza answered. "Mr. Fancourt says he don't think it's much."

"Ah!" said John. "Is there anything I can do for you in London? Any message to your sweetheart, for instance?"

"La, what a man you are, Mr. John, to be sure," Eliza giggled. But whether she had any message did not transpire as the colloquy was cut short by the appearance of Perkins, when Eliza retired to her own domain.

Perkins looked mysterious. He came forward on tip toe, his finger on his lips, winking one eye portentiously.

"I've got it," he said in a whisper; "it comed this morning."

"What came this morning?" John asked, with a well assumed air of surprise.

"Why, a letter from that there Mr. Pierre," Perkins answered, looking round, as if afraid of being overheard. "I've got what you wanted. There it is!" As he spoke he drew out of his pocket a crumpled piece of paper with a name scrawled upon it.

"Oh, ah—yes—thankee—the postmark, I see," John returned, in a careless tone, as he took the paper. "Yes, I remember. All right, Mr. Perkins. Sorry to hear your mistress is no better this morning."

"No, she's no better," said Perkins, a little hurt that his communication had been received with so much indifference.

"Well, I must be off," said John; "I've got leave to go up to town. I'll look in tomorrow and see how you're getting on."

"Do," pressed Perkins, "Mr. Fancourt said he'd come along last thing to night. He had to go up to town to-day, he said."

"Ah, yes," John rejoined. "Those societies take up a deal of time. Good morning; take care of yourself. Good folk are scarce in this world."

"Let me alone," Perkins chuckled. "There's ne'er a one will come over me in a hurry," he said, his broad person filling up the doorway.

"No, no—too wide awake for that—eh, Mr. Perkins!" said John. "Good day," and away John went, Perkins whistling softly to himself as he watched his friend down the path.

John had attended to the sick dog in the morning, and, as soon as he returned to the inn, he watched his opportunity, when no one was about, and, taking Juno up in his arms, he proceeded to the railway station, and took the train for London.

Arrived at the Victoria Station, he called a cab, and, getting in with his burden, too ill to do anything but occasionally attempt feebly to lick his hand, he drove to a house in Cadisea, part of which was built over a large door like a stable entrance, and there in conspicuous letters might be read the name of "Cornelius Fargus, Veterinary Surgeon."

While John was in the cab he had made some slight change in his attire which caused the cabman rather to stare as he received his fare and was discharged. He muttered something about "a rum start," as he mounted his box and drove away.

On John's applying his hand to the bell, the door was opened by the son of Eria himself, a horsey-looking man, with a florid face and red whiskers. From the greeting that ensued it was evident that the two were well acquainted. Following his friend into a room on the ground floor, fitted up as a sort of study, John made his errand known. Mr. Fargus examined the dog carefully, and looked grave.

"Seems as though she's had something that doesn't agree with her, doesn't it?" John inquired.

"The dog has been poisoned," said the doctor.

John nodded his head.

"What should you say now, from her appearance, that she's got hold of?" he asked.

Mr. Fargus again examined the dog.

"It's impossible to say—some mineral poison—not arsenic, though."

"I want to leave her with you, Fergus," said John. "Do you think she'll get better?"

"She may," the doctor replied. "It's a doubtful case."

"If she doesn't," said John, with a meaning look, "it would be a satisfaction to have her opened, you know."

"All right," returned Mr. Fergus, with a glance of comprehension as his fingers closed over the fee John left in his palm. "Anything stirring just now?"

"Nothing particular," John replied. "You know where to find me, Fergus. I'm in a hurry—I must be off. Good-bye."

"Ay—always plenty of work on hand—so the world goes. You shall hear from me. Good-bye."

The two shook hands, and parted. John had not reached the end of the road leading from the veterinary surgeon's premises, when he heard the report of a gun.

"Poor Juno! It's a pity; she was a nice dog," he said to himself as he walked at a brisk pace towards Westminster.

It was late in the evening when John returned to "The Angler's Rest," but it was later still when Fancourt came back from his expedition. He had been drinking, and, when he came in, he immediately called for brandy. Towards the small hours John had to help him to bed, when he fell at once into a drunken sleep.

John waited in the room till he was assured by his master's stertorous breathing that he was not likely to be easily disturbed; and then, taking the lamp to the dressing table, he unhooked a small key that hung at Fancourt's watch chain. The next thing he did was to take up a rosewood box bound with brass.

"If it's anywhere, it's here," he muttered.

Going to his own room, he set down the lamp, and proceeded with the key he held to open the box. It was divided into various compartments. One of these contained a considerable amount of money in notes and gold. There were also many trinkets of more or less value, and several papers—these John looked over. In another compartment, behind miscellaneous articles, he found what he sought—a small packet labelled. On the label were the name and address of a chemist, but they had been blotted out with ink.

He went down to a closet in the kitchen where the landlady kept articles for the household use, and, finding a jar marked "Arrowroot," he poured a small quantity of its contents into a cup and carried it upstairs. Emptying the packet into a paper, he carefully folded and sealed up what it had contained. He then dipped his handkerchief in water and cautiously rubbed the label till the fresher ink came off a little, partially showing the printed letters beneath. He could just make out N O, and the length of the name, five or six letters. He also made out an L, or H, or B, in the middle. Finding he could get no more of the ink off without rubbing through the paper, he filled the packet with the arrowroot, replaced everything as he found it, locked the box, conveyed it back to his master's room, and refastened the key on the watchchain.

His labors were not quite over yet. He again went down stairs—this time into the coffee room, where there happened to be a London Post Office Directory. Turning to the list of chemists, he ran his finger down the letter N.

"'Nolan'—that must be the man," he said to himself, as he took down the address; "humph, we are getting along pretty smart!"

He smiled as he made this mental observation, and, taking up the lamp, he went to his own room and to bed, seemingly perfectly satisfied with his day's work.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE drive home from the ball passed almost in silence. Mrs. Dalton was jaded and sleepy, Lena sullen and jealous, notwithstanding the adulation she had received, and Bertha was glad to lean back in the corner of the carriage, and indulge in reverie. Lena was perfectly conscious that, situated as she was, the feeling she had indulged towards St. Lawrence was wrong; and yet hot tears sprang to her eyes as she dwelt upon the indifference of his manner that evening, awakening her as it did from the delusion she had been under in thinking that he loved her. She had watched his attentions to Bertha with a pang of envy. Never had she experienced so fully the great truth that the gratification of pride and vanity, the satisfaction of the craving after this world's transitory good, can bring no content, but can end only in hollowness and satiety.

The day dawned as they drove homewards; and Bertha, startled at the gorgeous scene that met her view as the sun rose, bent forward to gaze at the wonderful changes in the sky. To the east the gray twilight was barred across with clouds of richest crimson; and then, as the sun approached, the gray between the bars became of a pale yellow green. Above, troops of dark cloudlets drifted rapidly from the southwest, passing over the crimson like the scattered columns of a flying army across a blood-stained field. Gradually the crimson changed to orange, then to yellow, and, finally, the cold light of a dull autumn morning succeeded, in ghostly contrast to the splendors of the dawn.

Bertha had no wish to keep a secret from her mother. If she had been questioned, she would frankly have confessed the truth she had given, prepared as she was to stand by it, in spite of whatever opposition she might have to encounter. But her mother had never been sympathetic towards her. She had never been accustomed to fly to her as the sharer in joy or comforter in sorrow, and she felt too shy—at any rate in the first blush of her new-found happiness—to volunteer an avowal. She had tried to persuade St. Lawrence that it would be better to wait a while.

"It is not as if mamma had any feeling against you," she had said. "She always liked you; and when Mr. Fancourt is no longer in the way it will all come right."

"I trust all will come right, my dearest," he had answered, but with a different meaning from that which she had applied to the words.

St. Lawrence returned from Highgate on foot. He seemed to himself to have found wings, so buoyant did he feel. To him the beauty of the sunrise did not reveal itself in vain, and with poetical superstition he hailed the glory as an omen of a brighter fate. Nor did his elation leave him while traversing the dull and dirty streets through which he had to pass on his way home. He did not go to bed when he got there, he felt sleep to be an impossibility. He still kept up many of the habits of a traveler. After taking a shower-bath and changing his evening suit for morning costume, he lighted his Etna, and made himself a cup of coffee; and then, in spite of rain, which now began to threaten, he again went out to walk off his restlessness till breakfast time.

Though "The Clearing in an American Forest" had not progressed as rapidly as he could have wished, it had progressed, and well. St. Lawrence was both too true an artist and too conscientious a workman to leave any part unsatisfactory or incomplete. If any portion of the painting had not pleased his fastidious taste, out it had been taken, sometimes again and again, until it had fallen into just harmony and proportion. It was now all but finished. Only a corner of the foreground, where a rattlesnake was unwarling itself from amongst a tangled mass of weeds, the head turned towards a bird pluming itself on a bough of one of the fallen trees, remained to receive a few of his masterly touches.

But to-day he could not work; he did not even attempt it. When he returned to the house, he wrote a letter to Bertha, giving the story of his love from the beginning—telling her how in the first instance he had been attracted by Lena's beauty, but how soon—even during the first evening of their acquaintance—he had recognised her own finer nature. He told her how for Douglas's sake he had striven to keep his love within the bounds of friendship, and how utterly he had failed; and how he had felt it necessary to remain away lest he should be tempted to the betrayal of feelings he thought then he had no right to entertain. All this and much more he wrote, ending by imploring her to trust him, however appearances might be for a time against him—however mysterious his conduct might seem to be.

The rain came down heavily as he ran out to post his letter; but there were some at any rate who set the weather at defiance, for about three o'clock in the afternoon a carriage stopped at the door, and a knock resounded through the quiet house. St. Lawrence gave no heed; there were other lodgers, and few visitors came to him. He had never sought society, and was as yet but little known. Steps were heard ascending the stairs, however, and, after a tap at his door, the servant threw it open, and announced—

"Lord Alphington."

Had a bomb-shell burst in the room St. Lawrence could scarcely have looked more startled. The sketch he was about to place in the portfolio dropped from his hand, and he stood for a moment as if struck dumb. Soon, however, he recovered his self possession, and with his usual graceful courtesy advanced to meet the visitor.

"Mr St. Lawrence, I believe," said Lord Alphington, who had been scrutinising the young man keenly.

St. Lawrence bowed assent.

"I have heard of your talent as a landscape painter," the Earl resumed; "and, as I wish to meet with a picture to suit a certain niche in a room at Alphington Park, I have taken the liberty of calling."

He turned towards the picture on the easel, but a film of starting tears blurred the object before him.

"Have you yet disposed of this, may I ask?" he said.

"No, my lord," St Lawrence replied. "It is not yet finished; so that, as a matter of course, I have not put it forward for exhibition."

Lord Alphington took a chair, and sat down before the picture—sat long, as if examining it carefully; but as he gazed at the canvas other and widely different pictures presented themselves to his mind's eye.

St. Lawrence stood, one hand resting upon the back of a chair near him. Unconsciously he had assumed the very attitude of the portrait in the library at Magnus Square. The light fell full on his handsome, manly face, set off in some degree perhaps by the careless grace of his painter's attire.

Lord Alphington looked up from the picture, a sigh came from his breast, his pale cheeks flushed.

"What sum do you ask for this?" he said, a slight quiver in his voice.

"I thought of asking two hundred pounds for it, my lord," St Lawrence replied, something of repressed emotion on his face, and in his voice also.

"It is good—very good," said Lord Alphington, "I should like to become its possessor. You will be equally at liberty to exhibit it. I should be doing you an injury to prevent that. But you undervalue it, I think."

He drew his cheque book from his pocket, and, going to the table on which the inkstand stood, he wrote out a cheque for three hundred pounds, which he handed to St. Lawrence.

"You are too good, my lord," exclaimed the latter, the same undefinable expression again passing over his countenance.

Lord Alphington waved his hand, as much as to say, "Let it be;" and then he seated himself in one of the armchairs near the table.

"If I am not trespassing on your time, will you sit down, and bear with an old man for half an hour? I should like to have a little conversation with you," he said.

"My time is quite at your disposal," St. Lawrence replied, though with a shade of constraint and embarrassment as he seated himself opposite.

"Your friends, the Misses Dalton, when at my house yesterday, were very much struck with your resemblance to the portrait of a son of mine I had the misfortune to lose many years ago, when he was not much older than you are now," Lord Alphington began. "I wished to judge for myself. I find the likeness stronger than I had expected, not only in face, but in voice and manner—so strong that the conviction forces itself upon me that you must in some way be connected with our family, though from what branch you can have sprung I cannot guess. You are not only extraordinarily like my own son, but you have the Fancourt face, as the portraits at Alphington can testify. I tell you this that you may not suppose I am actuated by mere gossiping curiosity."

"I do not think I should suspect that in any case," said St. Lawrence, with a smile that went to the old man's heart. "Miss Bertha Dalton told me last evening of the likeness she had discovered."

A softening of the eyes and of the voice did not escape Lord Alphington's quick observation.

"It is as I suspected—there is an attachment in that quarter," he said to himself.

"Have you any objection to tell me where you were born?" the Earl began again.

"I am an American by birth," St. Lawrence replied.

"Born in America! That is strange, too," Lord Alphington said, under his breath.

St Lawrence hastened to add something more.

"I fear, after the great kindness you have shown me, Lord Alphington, you may think me ungracious," he said. "It is a matter of deep regret to me to have to place myself at a disadvantage in your eyes. I need scarcely say that, if I answer questions, it must be truly and frankly; and I am compelled to add that circumstances at present necessitate a reserve that is the more painful to me as it may lead to misjudgment on the part of those with whom I would most earnestly wish to stand well."

"Are these circumstances ever likely to be altered?" Lord Alphington asked after a pause, during which, judging by the varied expression of his countenance, many thoughts and feelings had been chasing each other through his mind.

"I can only most fervently hope and pray that they may," replied St Lawrence, earnestly.

As he spoke, clasping his hands, and leaning his elbow on his knees, he bent forward, raising his eyes with a look of respect, interest, and affection almost, to the face of his interlocutor.

"It is strange—very strange," Lord Alphington mused; and then he added, aloud, "I must not press for your confidence—I have no right; but will you bear in mind that, if you want a friend, if you have any entanglements or embarrassments that a helping hand may assist in unraveling, you will find that friend in me—for the sake of one who is gone, and of one other for whom I have a great regard!"

"You are very good, my lord; I feel your kindness deeply," St. Lawrence replied, not catching Lord Alphington's last allusion. "One thing I owe it to myself to say, though I have only my own word to give as assurance. If my past life could be laid bare before you at this moment, I should not blush to let it be so. If I am just now placed in a doubtful position, it is through the turpitude of others, not my own." He drew himself up as he spoke, with that stately air and that steady, honest outlook from the eyes which had sometimes made poor Mrs. Dalton feel so insignificant.

"I believe you from my heart," said Lord Alphington, holding out his hand and glancing with admiration at the noble looking fellow before him. "You must come down and see me at Alphington Park; do not let me lose sight of you."

Lord Alphington then descended to his carriage, puzzled, bewildered, but deeply interested. Ah, if fate had only given him a grandson like that young painter, he thought, he would have been a proud and happy man that day!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### YOU AND I.

BY C. B. CASTELLANA.

Your eyes, serene and pure, have deigned to look upon me,
Your hand, a fluttering bird, has lingered in my hands;
And yet the words I would—alas!—have all foregone me,
Because your way and mine lie through such alien lands.

You are the rising sun that fair day follows after,
And I the deep of night, the gloomy clouds and grey;
You are a flow'r, a star, a burst of tuneful laughter,
I am December drear, and you the merry May.

You steep yourself in rays, and breathe the breath of roses,
For you are dawn of day and I the twilight set;
Needs must we say farewell, ere time the why discloses,
For you are very Love, and I am Love's regret.

## At the Yard-Arm.

BY ALPHEUS.

I FIND it an impossible task to erase from my mind the memory of that night on which poor old grandfather related his last tale, previous to his death.

It was in the very heart of winter. We—that is, grandfather, my sister Bessie, Marion, and Josephine, and my humble self—were sitting alone by the big fire, which was situated in the back par'or, the windows of which looked out on the Atlantic, whose waves occasionally dashed against the projecting rocks far down beneath our snug little cottage.

Outside, the wind was howling as if it meant to strike terror to the hearts of all the peaceful villagers around. The rain which was exceedingly heavy, dashed against the window panes with such awful violence that we momentarily expected to see the glass flying in about the room. Hundreds of feet below us, the voice of the waves seemed to be chanting a requiem for the souls of the unfortunates who lay buried in a watery grave.

"Grandpapa; please tell us a story; it will help to keep us from listening to the storm" said my sister Bessie, breaking the silence which had prevailed for almost half an hour.

"Oh, yes, gran'papa, please do!" joined in Marion, eagerly.

"Well, my dears," replied grandfather, "I have no objection to comply with your request; but what will the story be about—fairies, pirates, or shipwrecks?"

"Shipwrecks, by all means, grandfather!" And Bessie clapped her hands joyfully in anticipation of a glorious tread.

"Very well, my dears; I will tell you a story of a shipwreck Did any one of you ever hear about the fate of Sir Cloudesley Shovel?"

And grandfather drew out his large old silver snuff box, took a pinch out of it, replaced it, and finally settled himself comfortably in his old arm chair, previous to the commencement of his task.

We all informed him that we had never heard of Sir Cloudesley's fate, and begged of him to tell us all about it. So he began as follows

"Well, my dears, the day before the admiral's ship was wrecked, one of the crew, who was a native of Scilly, and well acquainted with the Channel, represented to Sir Cloudesley that the course the ship was taken would certainly cause her to strike on the dreaded rocks of Scilly. The admiral and his officers were highly incensed at the man's interference, and because he persisted in affirming that the ship's way was wrong; and would bring them to destruction Sir Cloudesly Shovel condemned the poor fellow to be hanged at the yard arm for insubordination,

"When the unfortunate sailor was tied to the mast, preparatory to his being suspended by his neck from the yard-arm, he begged as a last favor that a psalm might be read before his execution. His request being granted, he selected the one hundred and ninth, and repeated certain imprecatory portions of it after the reader; and the last words he uttered were to the effect that Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and those who saw him hanged, should never reach the land alive

"His body, shrouded in a hammock, with a weight to sink it, was cast into the deep, and but little heed paid to the dying man's sentence."

"Oh, grandpapa," suddenly broke in Marion, "It must have been awful! And to hang the poor sailor—oh, it is not to be wondered at that such a storm should arise after such a fearful crime had been committed!"

Grandfather took another pinch of snuff and continued his narrative:

"It was at the moment that the hanged seaman's curse was dreaded; and lo! to the crew's consternation they beheld his corpse, divesting of its rude winding-sheet, floating near the doomed ship, which closely followed with the face turned towards her, in all her varying course, through eddying channels, until she struck on the Gilstone, when the hanged man went down with the ship and his messmates.

"In the wreck of the admiral's ship, the Association, and other vessels, two thousand men are said to have perished. And now I have finished, my dears, and I feel sure you all feel sorry for the poor seaman who was hanged for performing his duty."

"Yes grandpapa, indeed we are! It was a great pity to kill the poor fellow. But was the admiral's body ever found?" asked Josephine.

"Yes, Josephine, the admiral's body ashore some time after the wreck, and would scarcely have been recognized but for the diamond ring which he wore on his finger."

The storm outside by this time had nearly disappeared, and, as grandfather had concluded his story, we all went off to bed, thinking about Sir Cloudesley's fate, and the fate of the poor sailor who was unjustly executed.

## Charlie's Mother.

BY MAUD MERRAM.

THE noisy clangor of the wheels died away, and the six o'clock bell sounded its welcome call. Margaret Wilder gave a little sigh of relief as she folded her apron and donned her hat, preparatory to starting for home.

A modest little home it was, of two rooms, where her sister Ida, a delicate girl of sixteen, was waiting her return. Ida was a cripple A fall several years before had injured her hip, so that now she moved about with the aid of a crutch.

These two girls were alone in the world, and loved each other devotedly. Margare was the elder.

To-night the rent was due; so Margaret appeared at the agent's office to pay it.

She had ten dollars left, and there were so many things to get with that money! She sighed as the possibility of years and years of such a life lay before her. Working and working day after day for the barest necessities!

She walked on in a sort of brown study, trying mentally to make her few dollars do the duty of many, when she was startled by the sound of a cherry voice just behind her.

"Really, Miss Margaret you move like a witch. For three minutes I have been trying to overtake you."

A faint color tinged Margaret's rather pale cheek, as she greeted the overseer of the factory.

He was a large man, with a kind honorable looking face. The sort of a man like one would feel like trusting for ever. He had a handsome white forehead, honest brown eyes, and thick brown hair.

To-night he carried a basket on his arm.

"I have some fruit here," he said, "which was brought in from the country to day. I wonder if your sister would not enjoy some of it?"

"Oh, thank you! Ida is a great lover of fruit."

"So is my Charlie; and these will make him open his eyes."

Margaret looked up inquiringly

"Have I never told you of Charlie?" he said, with a proud smile. "Oh, well I must bring him to the shop some day, and you shall see if he is not a boy to gladden his father's heart."

Margaret forced a smile, but she was conscious of a sudden keen pain. Stephan Adams has been a very pleasant friend, to her, and she had thought at times that his manner implied something warmer than friendship. She had never thought of him as a married man, and this matter of course mention of a child—*his* child, struck her like a cruel blow, for in her bewilderment she took it for granted that the mother was living. If she had deceived herself by any foolish notion that he was in love with her, there was a just punishment she thought

"I think you must love children" he was saying; "and Charlie is a dear little fellow."

"Yes, I am very fond of children," murmured poor Margaret, with that set, unnatural smile which Stephan Adams noticed with a feeling of disappointment; for he had particularly admired Margaret's frank and unaffected manners, but now her words seemed to belie her real feelings.

However, no further mention of the subject was made.

Having reached Margaret's home, Mr. Adams entered and filled a fruit dish with the juicy pears for Ida, and, bidding the sisters a cheery good night, he went on.

Two days later, as Margaret was replacing the fragments of her luncheon in the basket, Mr. Adams came down the long room with a little boy in a plaid frock and sailor hat; a handsome little fellow, with brown eyes like his father's, and long fair curls Margaret had been rather shy of Mr. Adams for the past two days, but she could not resist the child's sweetly-imperious smile as his eyes fell upon her.

"Who is you?" queried Master Charlie, running to her side, and leaning against her knee.

"This is papa's friend, Charlie," said Stephen Adams, smiling at the wave of color in Margaret's face. And then he added. "May Charlie stay with you for a few minutes? I want to look at a defective shaft in the lower room, and I dare not let the boy run loose among all this machinery."

Margaret signified her pleasure at Charlie's company, and smiled into the little fellow's face when he stood on his toes to kiss her.

'Charlie loves you," he said; 'Charlie loves your pretty dark eyes!"

Mr. Adams looked at Margaret with a good deal of amusement. Margaret laughed to cover her confusion, and Mr. Adams echoed the laugh as he turned away,

When the one o'clock bell sounded, the operatives began to come in to their machines, and presently Mr. Adams came for Charlie.

"I shall come again some day, pretty lady" said the boy, petting her cheeks with his tiny hand; and then he marched away, clinging to his father's hand.

It was nearly a week before Margaret saw Charlie again; and then his father brought the little fellow to her as before, and left him for awhile.

Margaret had been cleaning her machine, and now began to oil it up, for the great wheels were beginning to move. and soon it would be time to work. Little Charlie beat to look at the shining rod, with his eyes widely bright and his head on one side, very much after the fashion of an inquisitive robin.

Margaret reached to draw him away. Too late! One long, shining curl swung towards the belt, which sucked it in, and the revolving rod twisted it up. There was an agonized scream of terror from the poor baby. Margaret dropped beside him, with one hand clutching the boy's silken tresses, and the other arm holding the little form away from the machinery Charlie's arm clung convulsively around her neck.

Stephan Adams, half-way down the room, heard the scream, and saw Margaret holding his boy back from a horrible death. He sprung to the telephone which communicated with the engine room, and rung the bell.

"Throw off the main belt—*quick*," he cried.

When he reached Margaret and the child the former was in a dead faint, but the speed was down, and Charlie was safe!

The terrified operatives were crowding about, and a messenger from the engine-room came running upstairs to learn the cause of the delay.

There was no more work for Margaret that day. When she recovered consciousness, a vehicle was ordered to take her home.

The next day, however, she was in the old place; and at night Stephan Adams joined her as she started for home.

"I never fainted in my life before," she said, half apologetically, after she had inquired for Charlie, "You must have thought me very weak."

"Margaret," said he, "may I tell you just what I think of you?"

"Charlie's mother will never again allow him in the shop, I fear," she went on, hastily, and rather irrelevantly.

"Charlie's mother!" echoed Stephan Adams, gazing at her in a dazed fashion, and lifting his hat to tumble his brown locks until they stood up in a state of dishevelment wonderful to behold. "I have no wife; Charlie's mother died at his birth. What must you have thought of me? Why, Margaret, dear girl don't you know that I love you? That I want you for my own? Charlie needs a mother. My house needs a mistress. Will you come—and bring Ida?"

"Will I go to heaven if I can!" exclaimed Margaret, smiling at his kind face through her happy tears.

So now, my dear reader, Charlie has his "pretty lady," for a mother, and Margaret toils no more in the noise and dust of the factory, while Ida, with the best of care and medical treatment, is much stronger and suffers less than of yore.

UTTERANCES OF NOTED MEN.—"It looks like rain."—Plato. "You can't stop my paper."—Napoleon Bonaparte. "My head aches fit to split."—George Washington. "Here'n another button off this shirt."—Daniel Webster. "Send me up two pounds of steak."—Thomas Jefferson.—"You're fuller than you were before dinner."—Confucius. "Call around next week and I'll pay it."—Edgar Allan Poe. "Can't you lend me five dollars till next Monday?"—John Howard Payne.

THE Frank Siddalls Soap advertised in our columns, is being used in the house of the publisher of this paper, and is really what is claimed A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Our readers can depend upon every statement, and should put aside all prejudice and not let another week go by without giving it a trial.

## Scientific and Useful.

JAPANESE CEMENT.—Japanese cement is made by mixing powdered rice with a little cold water, and then gradually adding boiling water until the desired consistency is acquired, care being taken to keep it stirred. Lastly, boil for one minute in a clean saucepan. This cement is very strong and nearly colorless.

ARTERIOGRAPHY.—This is the suggestive name applied to a process employed by a French army surgeon, which tattoos the body of soldiers at the great arterial points, so that in case of severe bleeding, the men can compress the arteries until the skill of the surgeon can be secured for tying them. It appears to be a device of great humanitarian value.

NEW BALLOT-BOX.—A new ballot box has just been submitted to the French government. It has two locks, each opening with a different key, and an apparatus which chips a stub or corner from the ticket deposited by the elector and drops it into a separate part of the box, the ticket going into the other division. Simultaneously the machine registers on a tablet before the voter the number of tickets clipped. The ballots must agree in number with the "tell-tale," and the voter sees for himself that his ballot has been cast and taken account of.

DIPHTHERIA.—A famous Western physician has treated 200 cases of diphtheria with only two deaths. The treatment is as follows: The patient is ordered tincture of iodine in ten or twelve drop doses every hour, well diluted with water, so long as the fever lasts, subsequently reducing to ten drops every two, and finally every three hours. Local applications are made use of at the same time. These latter should be made use of by the physician at least twice a day. For internal use the decolorised tincture is used. Bread and starchy articles of diet are used in abundance.

THE MICROPHONE.—If recent observations and conclusions are accurate, a most important application of the microphone has been disclosed. The current of fire-damp as it flows into a working of a coal mine is attended with a grating sound which may be perceptible sometimes to acute ears, but which is unmistakable when this sound is magnified, so to say, by a properly adjusted microphonic apparatus to a qualified and conscientious observer above ground. Taking this grating noise into consideration with the readings of the barometer, there ought to be sufficient warning to bring up the miners at once, and so avert a wholesale destruction of human life, if not an otherwise disastrous explosion.

STORING UP ELECTRICITY.—A prominent scientist hopes that only a short time will elapse before the Faure battery will do for the electric light what a water cistern in a house does for an inconstant water supply. A little battery of seven boxes suffices to give the incandescence in the Swan or Edison lights to the extent of one hundred candles for six hours without any perceptible diminution of brilliancy. Thus, instead of needing a gas engine or steam engine to be kept at work as long as the light is wanted, with the liability of the light's failing at any moment through the slipping of the belt or any other breakdown or stoppage of the machinery, and instead of the wasteful inactivity during the hours of the day or night when the light is not needed, the engine may be kept going all day and stopped at night, or it may be kept going day and night, which undoubtedly will be the most economical plan when the electric light comes into general enough use.

## Farm and Garden.

CHESTNUT TREES.—It has been ascertained that all parts of the chestnut tree are peculiarly adapted for tanning leather, and a company has been formed for the purpose of converting the timber on a large tract of land in Virginia into a shape in which it can be used for that purpose.

THE PEDIGREE OF CORN.—Be sure that the corn you plant has a good pedigree. Pedigree in seed is of as much importance as pedigree in horses and cattle. Buy it from none but reliable seed stores, though it may cost you a few cents more a bushel; it will amount to but little in the end.

FRUIT TREES.—Never leave an excess of fruit to mature upon a tree under the impression that by so doing you can hope to increase the yield either in quantity or quality. An excessive crop is always secured at the expense of quality with the loss of value, and not unfrequently at the expense of the health and even ultimately of the life of the tree.

FLOWER SEEDS.—A good way to plant some flower seeds which you wish to take particularly good care of is to take a turnip, cut it in halves, scrape out the shell, then fill with earth and plant the seeds; and when the time comes to put the winter plants out doors, dig a hole in the flower bed large enough to set the turnip in—it will rot in a short time—and your plants will thrive by not having the tender roots disturbed.

LAYERING ROSES.—July and August are the best months for layering roses. If the soil dries quickly water the layers twice a day, as they must be kept moist. By October they will be ready to be taken from the parent plant. Cut them off within two inches from the tongue. Dig deeply with a trowel to take them up and transplant where they will remain. The following spring they should be pruned down to three or four buds. Some of them will flower in the summer.

PRUNING THE TREES.—Prune the tops of trees with a sharp saw or knife, never with an axe. If you want to cut a limb between two others, do it with a firmer or paring chisel, and cut it somewhat wedge shaped, and cover the wound with clay, rich earth and manure in equal parts, well ground and mixed in equal parts. Never let anything of a greasy or oily nature touch your trees. When gathering the fruit, handle the apples as you would eggs, carrying them into the cellar as soon as picked. If you have occasion to climb the trees and step on limbs when pruning or picking the fruit, wear soft cloth shoes or rubber boots.

**The Old Bee Hive.**

Spanish and Beaded Laces, Black and White, are now an fait for dress trimmings. The old and popular Bee Hive, 17 and 19 N. Eighth street, displays a larger stock of these laces than any other house in the city. Messrs. Partridge & Richardson, besides dress trimmings of every description, submit to the inspection of their customers a large assortment of white laces, collars, fans, etc. Messrs. P. & R. have just received a large invoice of handsome beaded gimps, at very low rates.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

# Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

# The New Premiums.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them; In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an extensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1881.

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## SHAM ECCENTRICITY.

ECCENTRIC people may be amusing to the public, but, as a general rule, they are not pleasant to live with. Those who affect eccentricity are intolerable both at home and abroad. Nobody is deceived except the man who imagines that he is deceiving others. Affectation, in every form, is a thing to be avoided.

It indicates a weak spot somewhere in the brain when one assumes an air, or a style of walking, or a peculiar kind of dress, or arranges his hair in some strange way, merely to attract attention. If a person of this sort happens to have been abroad once in his life, he is likely to affect foreign manners, and talk with a foreign accent, and interlard his conversation with foreign phrases—especially with the peculiar colloquialism of English swells—and make an occasional trip in his speech, as if he had almost forgotten his native tongue, which is rather disgusting to sensible people. The man may not be an idiot, but he does all that he can to appear like one. He also assumes an air of utter indifference to what is going on around him; is never surprised at anything, never admires anything, never wants to know anything; if he smiles, it is a rule for him never to laugh aloud, it is only a faint, heat-lightning sort of smile, and a tear never dims his eye unless he happens to have a cold. He wishes it to be understood that he has had such a wide experience of the world as to thoroughly satiate him; its joys do not elevate, neither do its woes depress him. His offence is all the worse when it is put in the form of cynicism, and the man imagines himself to be a Diogenes going about with a lantern—not "to find an honest man,"—but to disclose the weaknesses of society and the frailness of public men. Such a person is more disagreeable than one who affects enthusiasm, and is always going into rapture over everything. These gushing people may become very tiresome, but they intend to make themselves pleasant and agreeable, and we ought to give them credit for that. Most of us can bear a little overdose of flattery better than we can endure downright abuse.

It is enough to know that affectation of any sort is something that "doesn't pay," and if we do not like to appear to others just as we are, the best thing for us to do is to go to work and try to make ourselves more presentable and better worth seeing.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

A "RATIONAL Dress Society" has been formed in London, the object is to promote the adoption, according to individual taste and convenience, of a style of dress based upon consideration of health, comfort and beauty. The annual subscription is something over one dollar.

—

THE Japanese Home Office has directed the Sanitary Bureau to obtain from the various prefectures accurate statistics of the early life and habits of all the nonagenarians in Japan. It is proposed to combine the information thus obtained in the form of a practical treatise on hygiene.

—

A TRADESMAN in Rome has founded a large establishment where he employs unoccupied prisoners, vagabonds and all who are incapable of earning their bread. He teaches a separate trade to each of these, according to their different aptitudes, and employs them, paying the government for the work done, and putting aside a portion for the workers themselves, who may thus continue their work after they have fulfilled their sentence and become useful members of society.

—

THERE are at present, in the world, more than 100,000 railway locomotives. Their total force is equal to 30,000,000 horse-power, and all the other steam-engines on the globe are estimated at 45,000,000 horse power. The technical "horse power," however, is really equal to three average horses, and each horse to about seven men.

—

CUT flowers have of late become quite as popular in Europe as an article of female adornment as they are in America. They are, however, much cheaper on the other side of the Atlantic. More than fifty dollars has probably never been paid for a bridal bouquet, while the sum of twenty-five dollars would be considered an unheard of extravagance for a bridesmaid's bouquet Lilies never exceed twenty-five cents a piece in London in the coldest season, and camellias are considered dear at half that price, while the richest roses can be bought at ten to fifteen cents apiece.

—

IN this country, and indeed in England, little tribute is paid in street nomenclature to departed greatness. In France, on the other hand, the names of celebrities are constantly assigned to streets in the town which gave them birth. And this is done after something of a system. The business or professional or historical character of the thoroughfare decides its name. They name the older streets after old associations; those bordering on ramparts after military commanders, and those in the vicinity of the theatres after celebrated dramatists or composers of France.

—

BISHOP SIMPSON is severe on ministers who use tobacco. He says that some congregations are unwilling to have them for pastors, and that in many Christian homes they are unwelcome as guests. He does not see the propriety of a brother who smokes, chews, and spits, intruding himself as a comforter into the chamber of an invalid. He says that in many instances the offence to the invalid by the unsavory perfume of tobacco-using ministers is so great as to counterbalance any spiritual advantage to be derived from the visit. The Bishop moreover says that he knows of instances of promising young men, who by over-indulgence in the weed, have been sent to untimely graves.

—

THE latest sign-your-name dodge is reported from a neighboring county, where it was successfully worked. A farmer was called upon one evening recently by a well dressed gentlemanly looking stranger, who asked the privilege of staying over night, which was granted. In the morning he offered to pay his bill, but the farmer refused the proferred compensation. Profuse in his thanks for the kindness bestowed upon him he asked the host to favor him with his signature, which request was unsuspectingly complied with, and in a few days the farmer received notice that a note was held against him for $700, the signature of which he could not deny.

—

AN English paper thus compares some of the words used in England and America pertaining to railway travel: In America the carriage is a "car," a baggage van is a "baggage car," a station is a "depot," a booking office is a ticket office," your portmanteau is a "valise;" and your box a "trunk," the lines are described as the "track," the facing points are "switches," the driver is the "engineer," the stoker is the "fireman," and the guard is the "conductor." Pretty much the only word common in England and America is the word train; but the goods train is over there "freight train." When you leave the train to go to your hotel you take not a cab but a "hack," or if you are haunted by the demon of economy you go by the "horse-car," but not by the tramway.

—

IT sounds a little at jar with conventional notions that a Methodist or any dissenter cannot by English law be a clergyman, but this is the case. He gets the title of Reverend only, by courtesy, since none but those ordained in the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches can be regarded as legally in holy orders. The Legislature for some centuries has considered that a man in orders and charged with a cure of souls has quite enough to attend to without distracting his mind from the duties of a spiritual pastor to those of a political factionist. Accordingly, the clergy of the two Episcopal churches are debarred from sitting in Parliament. There are at present two Irish ministers in Parliament, but they are dissenters, and one English clergyman, but he has given up orders. The Reformers have brought in a bill to open the doors to every one elected, and claim for an elected clergyman as good a right to relief as an elected atheist.

—

THE heraldic dress at Queen Victoria's recent drawing-room, which has been so much talked about, was worn by Lady Campbell. It was the first instance since the fifteenth century of a lady appearing at a court ceremony with her heraldic cognizances forming the trimming of her dress. The dress was black velvet, with a silver-gray satin train. A pocket, shaped like a shield, was emblazoned with the quarterings of the Argyll-Campbells in the proper heraldic colors. This pocket contained the handkerchief, and was supported by a band composed of small shields on black velvet, joined together by gold Gaelic knots. Each shield bore the same quarterings as those on the satchel. Band, satchel, and train were fastened to the dress by means of badges of the fish and bog myrtle. On the train was embroidered the coat of arms of the Argyll-Campbells, the shield being five feet long. Above it was the wild boar's head, and beneath was the motto, in Latin, "Do not forget," in black letters on a gray scroll. Even the black satin slippers bore the device of the shield in silver.

—

WE see it mentioned in several London papers that English ladies of rank and position are taking seriously into consideration the extravagance of women's dress of the present day, and also its adverse influence upon health and comfort. A prominent Viscountess now proposes to organize a society the aim of which will be to "introduce a style of dress that shall be consistent with the laws of physiology and at the same time be comfortable, graceful, and economical." The ladies of Berlin started such a society two or three years ago, and with some success. The members, we are told, keep an account of the sums of money extended upon their dress. Fines are imposed upon those who have exceeded the limits of a reasonable outlay, and rewards are given to such members as have devised the best models of graceful and inexpensive garment. Whether this means Bloomerism or not we are not prepared to say, but one thing we are very sure of, and that is that American women will always put looks before health, and value the graceful and the becoming far more than comfort and economy. Health and long life may be very good things in their way, but they are dearly purchased, says the American belle of the present century, at the expense of good looks and a jolly time.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FAULT.

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng:—
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

# "HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC

## CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU must never leave me," she said lovingly; "and, if you do go, you must take me with you."

"We will talk about that afterwards, Iris," returned Allan. "I have come to no decision yet. I have been so bewildered by my happiness that I have hardly given one thought to the future."

"It is such a bright future Allan," she said. "I cannot see a cloud over it. If I am with you always, wherever you go, I shall be perfectly happy. When you are away from me, it is as though some one had drawn a veil over the sun."

He kissed the hand he held.

"What an acknowledgement for the proud Lady Iris!"

"I am never 'proud Lady Iris' to you. I am always your loving, happy Iris. You have subdued me."

"Could you never be proud with me?" he asked.

She was silent for a few minutes; then she said gently—

"No; I cannot imagine any circumstances in which I should be proud or haughty to you. You are part of myself," she added gently. "With you there could be no case in which, if love and pride opposed each other, pride could gain the mastery. I am not ashamed to tell you that my whole nature is absorbed in my love."

Captain Osburn took from his pocket a little morocco case.

"My darling," he said, early this morning I rode over to King's Forest to get this. I am almost ashamed to offer it to you. I wish I had some grand heirloom to give you; but I have not, and," he added, with a smile, "you know the reason why."

He opened the case, and in it lay a superb ring set with diamonds and rubies. He took the ring from the case.

"You will let me put it on your finger, Iris? It is an engagement ring—a ring that binds you to me almost as a wedding ring would."

She held out her hand to him, and he placed the ring upon her finger.

"It fits you exactly," he said, "and I look upon that as a good omen. Promise me, Iris, that you will wear this ring all your life."

"I promise," she replied; "and I promise even more, Allan. It shall be buried with me!"

He kissed the loving face raised to his.

"Thank you," he said simply. "So long as you wear that ring I shall know that you are true to me—that you love me, and no one else; but, if ever I see this sweet white hand without the ring, I shall know that you have forgotten me—ceased to care for me, and perhaps even love some one else."

"I am quite willing to submit to the test," she replied. "If—which, thank Heaven, is impossible! — something should part us now, and for twenty years you saw and heard nothing of me, and on your return you looked to see if I wore the ring, you would know at once, if I did so, that, despite time and absence, I had been true to you. If no ring shone upon my hand, you would know that I had forgotten you. Is that it, Allan?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You would find it there, my own," she continued, "if you were absent thirty years, and I lived so long. I may live many years; but I shall have only one love."

"I wonder," he cried, "that you should love me so much!"

She laughed the sweet happy laugh that always gladdened his heart.

"I was thinking this morning, Allan," she said, "that life is much shorter than love. If I lived to be a hundred years old, and I tried every day to tell you how much I loved you, I could not—life would not be long enough. I wonder if other lovers are as happy in thinking about their future as we are?"

"I do not believe that any one was ever so happy," he replied, "and for the best of all reasons—I do not think any one ever loved so much as we do!"

So they stood in the sunlight, unutterably happy in their love; and the sunbeams fell upon his dark handsome face, and upon her white hand, on which the diamonds and rubies shone. The rugged trunk of a fallen tree lay near the gate. He drew her to it.

"There is no pleasanter spot than this," he said. "I like to watch the wheat swaying in the sunshine. Whose line is this, Iris—'The lovely laughter of the wheat-crowned hill?'"

"I do not know," she answered. "Do you know these lines, Allan? The sight of a field full of ripe wheat always brings them to me—

"'Where the go den corn-la d, over the soft blue sea
Through summer-laden branches and changeless dark pine-tree,
With summer scents and thrilling with sounds of summer too
Our hearts for God's a gels the breeze come to woo.'

"Do you know, Iris," he said, "your voice is so sweet that it makes poetry out of the most commonplace phrases you can utter. Imagine then what you make of poetry!"

She laughed, and a happy blush rose to her face—there always did when he praised her. Then he sat down by her side on the old tree-trunk.

"You are a perfect picture in this sunlight, Iris," he said. "Let me take off your hat, so that the sunshine may fall upon your hair and make it look like burnished gold."

He took off the pretty garden hat, and the sunlight fell upon the fair silken hair. He drew the long tresses to his lips and kissed them.

"What beautiful hair you have, Iris! It is longer and finer than any I have seen," he said.

And on this, the last of their happy days, they sat talking while the sun shone upon the wheat-fields and the birds called to each other in the trees.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE were a few more hours of bliss without alloy for the lovers; and then the storm burst. One morning Lady Iris received more than her usual number of congratulatory letters. It touched her to find how many of her rejected lovers had written. How kind were the wishes expressed for her happiness, and how sincerely every one seemed to admire Captain Osburn! She believed that she could not contract any marriage which would meet with such general approval.

"Iris," said Allan, who never left her side for one moment if he could help it, "leave some of those letters, and come out for a stroll by the river. What can people find to write about, I wonder?"

He was impatient to tell her all his thoughts that had filled his mind since he had left her twelve hours before.

"Down by the river?" she replied. "Yes, that I will; for, of all places, I love most the river Rille. By-the-by, Allan, I have a message from papa for you. Will you go to him in his study at noon? He wishes to speak to you."

"Gladly, dearest," he responded, "for I am sure that he wants to speak to me about you. I shall grow reckless soon, and ask some one to fix the date for a certain blissful event."

"One would never think you lacked courage," she said, with a light, happy smile, "I think you say almost what you please."

Then they started for their walk. He remembered afterwards many little things that happened which seemed like coincidences. They stopped for a few moments in the hall, and she stood just under the arch with its scroll of golden letters—"Held with honor;" and, as she paused there, he could not help thinking that this bright beautiful girl would rather part with her life than that the honor of her house should be sullied. As they passed through the entrance-gates she looked up with a bright smile at the lion and lily.

"You love the lion and the lily?" he said.

"Yes," she replied; "and I was just thinking how well it is that the lion is there to protect the lily."

They walked to the river-side, and sat down upon the bank. There they talked for some little time about the happiness of their future life, all unconscious of the swiftly coming cloud that was to darken it. Suddenly she looked up at him—she was making a knot of scarlet poppies.

"Allan," she said, "I have often been on the point of asking you the question; but something always hindered it. Tell me, dear, what is this romance of your birth, as John Bardon calls it?"

As she spoke she gave a passing thought to the crushed almond blossom, and smiled in contempt. Allan looked at her in surprise.

"The romance of my birth, Iris?" he echoed. "I know of no romance, my dear!"

"But there is one—at least John Bardon told me so."

"He must have dreamed it then," said Allan.

"Well, perhaps you do not call it a romance. You may call it truth; you are always so careful not to praise yourself."

"But, my darling," he said earnestly, "I do not understand what you mean."

"You must tell me all about it," she persisted, "even though it should make me think you more a hero than ever, Allan. I must hear every word of the story."

"I will tell you everything, Iris, when I know what you mean," he replied.

"John Bardon told me that there was a romance about your birth, that in the most heroic and chivalrous manner you had given up title and fortune. I did not clearly understand him; but I believe it was done to save your mother in some way. You must tell me the details; I would rather hear them from you."

"I assure you most solemnly," he replied, "that I have not the faintest notion of what you mean. You are jesting, Iris?"

"No; why should I jest? John Bardon also told me that you were one of the Osburns of Sketchley."

"Of Sketchley?" repeated Allan. "How could he say such a thing? Why, Iris, I have never even heard the name before!"

"He told me so, I assure you," she replied; "and then he added that there was a romance about your birth, and that you done something that was very heroic—sacrificed wealth and a title for your mother's sake, although he did not explain why. He told me to ask you about the romance. What could he mean, Allan?"

A horrible fear seized him, a fear which drove the color from his handsome face.

"I do not understand it at all, my darling; but no doubt we shall make it out. John Bardon told me that you knew the story of my birth, and that you sympathized with me."

"I know no other story but that which he has told me—that which I now tell you—of some romance—that you had given up a great deal for your mother's sake."

"Is that all you know?" he asked hurriedly. "Have we both been deceived?"

"What is there to know, Allan?"—and the same fear which had taken hold of him seized her. The poppies fell from her hands, and her heart almost stood still.

"Iris, answer me. Have you believed me all this time to be a gentleman of birth?"

"Yes—most certainly."

"And, believing me to be such, you have loved me?"

"Yes," she answered again.

"You would not have loved me had you known that I was not a gentleman by birth?" he continued.

"How can I answer you?" said Lady Iris.

"You must answer me, my darling," he said.

"I cannot," she replied. "I could not tell my own mind. But, Allan, you are teasing me! This is some horrible jest!"

"It is no jest, my darling; but it seems to me that we have both been most cruelly deceived. Yet I can see no reason or motive for it. Then, my darling, you do not know of my birth? And I thought you loved me in spite of it! How shall I tell you? For the first time—Heaven help me—I am afraid!"

He rose from the bank and stood erect before her, but with a white face and a painfully beating heart. He would have faced death in any form more willingly; but he did not falter. She rose too when she saw his agitation.

"Allan, what is it? What is wrong? It can be nothing, my darling, which will take me from you?"

"I do not know, Iris. I swear before Heaven that I have never deceived you! Why John Bardon has lied to me I cannot tell; but I believed he had told you the whole story of my birth and connections. Had I not believed that, I would never have asked for your hand until I had told you myself. That I swear!"

"I believe it on your simple word," she replied. "Oh, Allan, what is it?"

"I have never been afraid to speak of my birth until now; and now I will not be ashamed of it. I will trample down false pride, as I have done all my life. Iris, I am not a gentleman by birth. My mother was a gentle loving woman, who died when I was four years old. My father was a tradesman, who kept a draper's shop at Elmore and laid the foundation of a fortune there."

As he spoke the words he looked at her, and he saw the color fade from her face, leaving her deathly white.

"Then he went to London, and with the money he had made in trade he speculated on the Stock Exchange and amassed a large fortune. I have never deceived any human being. I belong to the middle-class, and I am proud to own it. I have received the education and training of a gentleman, and I follow the profession of a gentleman. I believe in my heart that nature has made me one, although my father was a tradesman. What is more," he added, throwing back his head and looking prouder than he had ever looked before, "I do not see why a tradesman should not be a gentleman if he be an honorable man. I believe that nature, and not money or birth, makes a gentleman."

He stopped, for a wail of pain came from her white lips.

"Hush, Allan!" she said. "You are trampling the dearest belief of my life under foot. Your words pain me!"

He stopped abruptly, and she thought as she looked at him that, no matter what his father was, she had never seen one who looked more like a gentleman than the man who confronted her.

"I am bewildered, Allan," she went on; "I shall understand better in time; but of one thing I am quite sure—you have never deceived me."

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he cried. "I can bear anything if you say that."

She looked up at him, with a ripple of scorn on her face.

"I begin to see through it now," she said. "I offended John Bardon once—it matters not how. I admit that I was hard, proud, and cruel to him. I stung him, I suppose, with my bitter scornful words, and he swore to be revenged on me. And this is his vengeance."

"But how should it be his revenge? I do not understand," returned Captain Osburn.

"He brought us together, feeling sure that we should like each other. He has lied to both of us. He has told you that I knew the truth about your birth, and he has told me that you were well born, but that there was some hidden romance connected with you. He has trusted to chance that we should like each other; and he has concluded that, when I knew the truth, it would part us, and so we should be miserable for life. This is his vengeance; that is what the withered almond blossoms means. He told me that, when you explained the romance to me, I was to remember him!"

"But," cried Allan in a voice of despair, "how could he do this? He is my friend."

"He has betrayed you," she said, "to punish me. May Heaven help us both!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FOR a few moments there was silence between the Earl's daughter and Captain Osburn, broken only by the ripple of the water and the song of birds. A low cry of pain came from her lips; and then she stood still, her pale face bent and her hands clasped. He looked at her with a passion of fear and amazement. How soon the bright sunshine had changed to gloom! His heart beat with anguish, and he trembled with emotion.

"Iris," he said, in a low voice, "it will not matter. You said some few minutes since that nothing could happen that would part us."

He was not a man to cry for mercy; yet white and frenzied prayers rose now to his lips; but he uttered none of them.

"Iris, speak to me. I am so grieved, so sorry. I would have given my life rather than this should have happened. How blind I must have been to fall into the trap that villain laid for me! But I was so happy," he added, with a fearless sob—"so unutterably happy—that I never even remembered the fact that might have told against me. I was so certain that you knew all that not a shadow of doubt ever crossed my mind. Iris, speak to me. Ah, darling, if you have loved me hitherto, am I to be loved less now?"

Still she stood silent and motionless, as though the greatness of the blow had stricken her dumb. He stretched out his hand to her in mute appeal, and she laid her own in his.

"Am I less or more to you, Iris," he said, "because my father made money instead of inheriting it?"

"No," she answered, in a low pained voice, "it is not your fault. Allan, I acquit you of all blame. It is the evil result of my own pride. If I had been kinder to John Bardon, he would not have done this to me."

"Forget John Bardon. Take the fruit of the victory out of his hand; let this make no difference to us," he added, boldly gaining courage as he saw the keen pain in her face; "let him see that his plot has ignominiously failed, and that, instead of doing us harm, he has actually done good. You cannot foil his revenge in a better way than that."

"I—I cannot be false to the training and the instincts of my life," she said brokenly. "Do not talk to me yet." She raised her hands with a gesture of passionate pain. "I am even more sorry for you," she added.

Allan put his arm round the trembling figure.

"My darling, I can understand," he said gently; "it must be a terrible blow to you. But it is not so bad as though you had heard something against my honor or loyalty. If ever in your eyes I had any good qualities, I have them still. If you have found me a loyal, honest man, am I the less so now? As for my father, I revere him and am proud of him," he continued warmly. "He was a noble and generous man; his hands were ever open to the widow and the fatherless. Almost every man, woman, and child in Elmore loved him. I do not believe that any one ever asked him for help and asked in vain. I have known him by generous timely aid to save whole families from ruin. Even in this moment of humiliation for me," he said sadly, "I am proud of my father, and proud that I am his son."

"You are quite right to be so," she murmured. "I should not respect you were it otherwise."

He caressed the trembling hand that laid so cold and deathlike in his own.

"Darling," he said, "think a little. In the sight of Heaven what are noble birth and all the miserable class distinctions of fashionable society? The best and worthiest life is the upright and useful one, and the poor and lowly born, Iris, more often lead that kind of life than the rich."

He paused; the cold calmness of Lady Iris's face silenced him.

"This world has its rules," she said—"rules that regulate its well being; and they cannot be broken."

He heaved a deep sigh; he could have cried aloud in his despair.

"Iris," he said, after a few moments, "if any other woman stood in your place, I should kiss her, bid her Good-speed, and leave her. It is because I love you so passionately that I linger in order to combat your prejudices. Let us reverse the position. You are a great lady, the daughter of an earl. Suppose—it is merely supposition—that some secret that reflected upon your birth became known; do you think I should give you up, decline to marry you because of it, even if it were the most disgraceful secret imaginable?"

"No," she replied slowly, "I do not think you would."

"Think!" he cried. "You know, Iris, that, if all the world frowned upon you, all the more lovingly would my arms clasp you, all the more would I love and reverence you. You know it, my darling—you know that, if you stood before me at this moment friendless, homeless, penniless, I should but love you the better and cherish you the more; for I love you with an unalterable love."

"I believe it," she answered; but the cold calmness of her face was unbroken by the loving words.

"Then why do you not say the same to me? I am unchanged; and it was I whom you loved. Why should birth make any difference?"

"You do not understand, Allan; you forget that my training and my instincts are part of my life, that I cannot separate myself from them."

"That is," he said hastily, "you have been accustomed to look upon those of inferior birth as those belonging to another world—a world you could never enter, and in which you have no place."

"Yes; that is it," she replied. "You may think it foolish, Allan; it is the result of my training. It may be quite as much prejudice as pride, but from a lower sphere I should never have dreamed of taking a companion or a familiar friend."

"Much less a lover!" he said bitterly.

"Much less a lover," she repeated. "You see, Allan, I am as frank as you are."

Again there was silence. Allan broke it by saying softly—

"Iris, it is not long since you gave to me the most solemn promises a woman can give to a man. What if I hold you to them? What if I claim you by right of the vows you have made?"

She looked at him fearlessly.

"Unless I came to you freely," she replied, "you would not care to have me at all."

"No," he said sadly, "I should not."

Suddenly the pain of it all seemed to overcome her.

"Oh, Allan, Allan, why should this be, when I love you so dearly?" she cried. "Oh, my darling, I do not love you less! Let me kiss the pain from your dear face."

He had never seen her so moved. Of her own free will she put her arms round his neck, kissing his face and crying out that he was her love, and that her trouble was too hard to bear. All her pride and strength had broken down. She loved him better than her life, and was grieved only for his pain. He never forgot her passionate grief; he tried to soothe her, but it was beyond his power.

"My darling," he said, "let us forget it all. I was afraid"—and he shuddered as he spoke—"that it would part us; and that would have been my death-blow. Let us forget it."

But she only clung to him, weeping the more bitterly; and he could not soothe her.

"That it should have happened to me," she sobbed—"I who was so happy in my love! I loved you so dearly, Allan!"

"And will love me still," he said, "when all this is forgotten."

"I cannot tell," she replied. "Whichever way it may be, Allan, my heart will be broken, I am the last of the Faynes, and I hold the honor of the race in my hands."

His face darkened.

"Iris," he said, "I acknowledge the inferiority of my birth to yours; but I refuse to acknowledge more. My father was not an earl, but he was a good and honorable man. There are limits that even you must not pass. If you say in marrying me you would bring dishonor on your race, my beautiful love, you are free. I can meet my fate like a man, Iris. I shall not whine for mercy. The issue lies in your hands; you shall decide."

"How can I decide," she cried, "when my heart is torn with anguish?"

"If you find that your pride is greater than your love, you have but to send me away—you have but to tell me so; but, if, as I believe, your love is greater than your pride, you will bid me stay, my darling."

"My heart is torn," she moaned. "May Heaven help me!"

"The decision rests with you, Iris; your will is mine—but think how I love you, think, if you resolve to send me away, of the desolate and loveless future that lies before me. Oh, Iris, I never expected to have to plead for myself; but think before you decide! I pray Heaven that in your heart love may prove stronger than pride."

"I must reflect," she said hurriedly. "Allan, leave me now; and, when I have decided, I will send for you and tell you. The greatest kindness you can do me now is to go away and let me think out my own thoughts."

He went away mournfully, with something like despair in his heart.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY IRIS did not appear at dinner, to the wonder and consternation of the whole household; nor did she leave her room during the day. The house, with all its brightness and luxury, was dull without her, and the rooms seemed cold and gloomy. She had a terrible headache, she told her maid. It was so bad that she could neither look up nor listen, and she must lie in a darkened room with no one to disturb her. The Earl had been in to see her, and was startled by her pallid cheeks and lips; he hardly recognized in the pale trembling girl before him his beautiful radiant daughter.

"My darling," he said gently, "you look very ill."

"Yes," she answered; "I do feel ill, papa."

"Let me send for a doctor for you, Iris."

"A doctor would do me no good," she replied in a hopeless tone. "I want rest, papa. I have a violent headache, and it makes my eyes burn, while every sound tortures me. My head will be better to-morrow. You must manage to do without me until then."

The Earl looked disconsolately at her.

"That will be difficult, my darling. I could do better without anything else than without my Iris. Make haste, and get well, dear. Can I send anything to you?"

"No, papa; only keep everybody away, and let me be quite alone. With rest and quiet I shall soon be better."

What she said was true—the sound of a voice or the sight of a face was torture to her; she must be alone. The blow to her love had been so terrible to her that it would be some time before she could recover from it. She loved Allan with all her heart, with deepest, truest affection; and she could not imagine any existence apart from him; but it almost broke her heart as she owned this to herself. She could not marry him; the very motto of her race, "Held with honor," forbade it. Would she hold her name in honor if she gave it to the son of a tradesman? Would she be a worthy descendant of her race if she married beneath her, forgetting all that was due to her long line of ancestors?

There had been no such thing as this in their history for generations back; they had allied themselves with the highest and noblest in the land. Could she marry a tradesmen's son, even though he were by nature a gentleman? No, it could never be—not if her heart broke. It would not have mattered if he had been just one grade higher in the social scale, she said to herself; but the stigma of trade, the son of a tradesman to be master of Chandos, to take the honored name of Fayne! No; it would never do. She shuddered as she remembered how she had called the love of John Bardon an insult and compared it to sacrilege. What would this be?

Yet every moment her respect for Allan increased. How nobly he had behaved! He had not shown any false shame when he told her that he was a tradesman's son. She never loved him better than when she lay in her darkened room recalling his words and his looks. She admired his innate nobility; but, as for her marrying a tradesman's son, it was impossible.

"Held with honor." She repeated the words with passionate tears, and said to herself that she would go to her grave unmarried; she would never give the name of Fayne to one who by birth was not fitted to bear it.

Life was all over for her, she thought, with a sigh; but better death than life shadowed by an action which she felt would be unworthy of a Fayne. With her pride was stronger than love. Not even for the sake of her love, great as it was, would she endanger her social position. Pride had conquered. She would always be true to the memory of her love, and no other man should ever woo her. She looked upon Allan as one of the noblest of men; but she could never marry him, for he was a tradesman's son.

She wept sorely; she felt that there would be no more happiness for her in this world: but not for one moment did she feel inclined to yield. She looked her position boldly in the face, she knew that all her friends and acquaintances would hear of her broken engagement; but no one should ever know from her why that engagement was broken.

She could bear everything but her lover's pain; and the thought of that tormented her. It was strange that no possibility of doing anything else but renounce him occurred to her, she only knew that a barrier had arisen between them which parted them, one which she could not break down.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The toll of five cents on an Indiana bridge was regarded as an extortion by a pedestrian, and he declared that rather than pay it he would die. The death alternative is likely to come to him at the end of a rope, for he deliberately shot and killed the bridge-keeper, who refused to let him cross free.

# New Publications.

The "Round Robin" series of novels, published by Osgood & Co., have fully met all anticipations in the way of interest and success They will issue the next in a few weeks under the title, "The Georgians" and say that nobody has yet guessed within 4 000 miles of the author of "A Lesson in Love." Next week they will issue "The First of May: a Fairy Masque," with fifty-two pictures, by Walter Crane and verses by J E Wise, the author of the "History of the New Forest." Only a small edition of this work will be printed, although it will not be so limited as the English book of which it is a reduced copy. The plates are charming, so abounding in quaint details that the twentieth examination reveals new and unexpected beauties. Lee & Shepard have in press "New England Bird Life," "A Manual of Wood Engraving" and an edition of the revised New Testament.

"The Agents Herald" of this city, has donned a suit of new type and in other respects made many notable improvements The Herald always was a good paper—live, wide awake, and well edited, but its latest move shows there is nothing like aiming to be the best of its kind To its special class of readers it must commend itself on all accounts, while the agents' public in its clear headed comments upon all kinds of frauds and swindles, will find much that is valuable L. Lum Smith, 717 Sansom St., Philada., editor and proprietor.

MAGAZINES.

Knebworth, the ancestral seat of the Bulwer Lyttons, is the subject of the finely illustrated opening article in the July number of Lippincott's Magazine, written by William H. Rideing, to whom ample facilities were afforded by Lord Lytton. In Zoological Curiosities" Dr Oswald continues his very entertaining account of "Our Four-Handed Relatives," with some piquant illustrations. "Palmetto Leaves," by Rev. Robert Wilson, is a capital sketch of Charleston, S. C. "Ranch-Cure," by Alfred Terry Bacon, may be regarded as supplimentary to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's well-known papers on "Camp-Cure." In "A Trip to Brighton and the Goodwood Races," J. A. Dickson gives a lively account of the characteristic incidents and scenes of an English race-course. Mrs. Mary Treat's "Observations on a Colony of Slave-Making Ants" exhibit the close study of animal life that distinguishes the trained naturalist. There are several other interesting short stories. The serial, "Croquet Doom" maintains its interest while drawing to its conclusion, and the editorial departments are as well filled as usual The number begins the second volume of the new series. Lippincott & Co., publishers

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following new music from S T Gordon & Son, No 13 East 14 th St., New York City: Piano Solos—"Lover's Escape," W Schmeisser, price 75 cents; "Belle Adelaida," W. Schmeisser, price 60 cents. These compositions are very pleasing, showy, and excellently adapted to the better class of performers. "Happy New Year," galop, W. Schmeisser price 60 cents; "Croquet Galop," W Schmeisser, 50 cents. Brilliant in style, and suitable for either concert use or home playing. "Wedding March," W. Schmeisser, price 35 cents; "Palms," transcription, B. C. Shaw, price 50 cents; "Shadow Dreams" gavotte, H N Sawyer price 35 cents Two beautiful compositions, full of exquisite harmony, and not too difficult. "Mascot" "Bilee Taylor," and "Olivette," potpourris W. A. Fallman, price $1 each. These are fine arrangements of the new popular operas, containing the very best selections set by an accomplished hand, in a popular manner. These arrangements may be commended as certain to please. Vocal—"I am Lonely While Parted from Thee," ballad, J. P. Skelly, price 30 cents. This gentleman is known as one of the best of American's popular composers, and this is a worthy example of his work. "Ether Dear," W H Bray, price 30 cents. The above is sung with immense success by the celebrated vocalist, Ethel Lynton, and will surely please all who try it.

We have received No 17 of Saalfield's 10c. Libraries which are published monthly, and contain 16 pages of good music well printed on excellent paper. The present contains "Olivette Lancers" "Amalfi Waltzes," "Who First I Saw My Darling's Face" by Danks, and "Daybreak" All are well suited for general playing. Saalfield, publisher, 839 Broadway, New York City.


KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?

Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?

Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?

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The KIDNEY-WORT [illegible]

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of Medicine. Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those at a distance [illegible]

IF [illegible] DRUGGIST [illegible] PRICE $1 00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,

Wholesale the dry and liquid BURLINGTON, VT



We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

# By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

## The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

**Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:**

**In the First Place,** the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth of facts, if the claims made for it **would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.**

**In the Next Place,** we wish our readers to bear in mind that **we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.**

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

*Answers like for the finest laces and ribbons or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.*

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to *heat* the wash-water.

[illegible] The Frank Siddalls Soap,

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

**The following is the neat, genteel, elegant FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of washing clothes:**

**First:** *Dip one of the pieces in the suds; rub it on the washboard, and wash it lightly* wherever you see any dirt or soiled places. *Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a paper is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, and lay it back in the [illegible] —* and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. **Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—***one hour is just the thing!***—and let the Soap do its work.**

**Next:** *After standing the full time mentioned, rub each piece* [illegible] *lukewarm water, when it will* [illegible]

Turn each piece inside out [illegible] it, so as to get at the soiled parts, but dont use any more soap and *dont wash it over again*, but get all the dirt out at the first wash.

**Last:** *After rinsing the* [illegible] each piece must be [illegible] lukewarm water, [illegible] the wash-board without using any soap until [illegible] the suds, [illegible] will know when [illegible]

**Last:** *Next comes the blue-water.* [Use scarcely any blueing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue-water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue-water *and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.*

The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.
*Dont put clothes to soak overnight:* it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way.
**Dont try on part of the wash;** try it on the entire wash.
The Soap washes freely in hard water. **Dont use Soda or Borax.**
The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. *See that you get what you ask for.*

**If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.**

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

**In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.**

[It will be put up in a neat metal box costing 6c.—15c. in postage stamps will be put on,—and all sent to you for ten cents.]

**If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost.**

[Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used for all purposes, but it is only when [illegible]

**DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE,** and *dont even send for that* until satisfied that **this Paper would not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.**

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

**SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.**

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, *entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.*

There is only one kind of Frank Siddalls Soap made, and it is for every use that soap is put to. [illegible] or in any trouble from [illegible], tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.

[*For Ingrowing Toe-Nail, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh, and speedy relief will be experienced.*]

By washing freely with the Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any ointment or any other soap or any other application to touch the skin, **it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn ulcers, ringworm,** and *all itching and scaly humors* on the body, and the *terrible scaly incrustations* that sometimes are found on the heads of children.

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country.

REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do.

**CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.**

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

*Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effects of The Frank Siddalls Soap:*

CLINTON, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., March 16, 1881.

[illegible] to say to you it has proved a godsend to me [illegible] with Salt Rheum on [illegible] hands; but the Soap has already so nearly cured me that I am [illegible] be a [illegible]

Daughter of Thomas Collins.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA., March 8, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddalls: [illegible] to treat them, although we have spent hundreds of dollars. [illegible] will effect a complete cure in a very short time. It has already [illegible] and every other purpose. JAMES FLOY.

# Our Young Folks.

## THE FOUNTAIN AND THRUSH.

BY PIPKIN.

ALL summer long the fountain had played.

All summer long the little bronze boy statue had stood with head thrown back and uplifted arms, holding the goblet from which the pearly water issued.

The thrush was a merry old gentleman, and always sang a cheerful song now in praise of the fountain, now in reply to the frog's croaks, then in loving response to the greeting of mate and children from their nests in the neighboring tree.

"Fine morning, fine morning," sang the thrush one autumn day, in his usual cheery tone.

"Very fine morning only rather chilly, do you not think so?" answered Nymphea, a water-lily, opening her eyes a very little way and then reclosing them directly.

Nymphea was the only one left of a numerous family.

All her sisters had bloomed and faded away.

She herself was very delicate, and so she slept rather long in the morning to strengthen her constitution.

"I intend to spend the winter abroad," remarked the thrush, "and as Mrs Thrush thinks it will do my daughters good to see a little of art, we are thinking of going to Africa by way of Italy."

"Winter is coming on apace," the frog croaked. "Those who go farther fare worse," and dived to the bottom of the pond forthwith.

The frog was right in prophesying the approach of winter.

It grew colder and colder.

The leaves of the trees felt their stems giving way slowly, and fell ill through pure fright.

They sent for their physician, Dr. Sun, but he was almost always out of town, being engaged in establishing a practice on the other side of the globe.

They tried homœopathy, and took a small dose of warming restoratives every day at noon; but it did them no good.

They submitted to the water cure but that reduced them shockingly.

Then they called in a new and very energetic physician, and he finished them off directly.

Shivering and sighing, they all fell to the ground, and the trees, hastily saying: "Good-bye!" immediately set about providing a fresh succession of buds for the next year.

"Poor leaves," thought the little bronze boy. "You have been very happy all summer and very proud looking down on everyone. Now you are trodden upon and kicked about, and soon you will be raked up and thrown aside."

He was very sad now, for all his friends were gone. Nymphea had died long ago, the frog was fast asleep in his winter palace, and the thrush was gone.

By and by Dr. Frost came past and took pity on him.

"Heyday, Mrs Fountain," said he, "what are you thinking of? You ought to have given over playing some time ago. But you and the boy want rest. Excuse me for interfering with your domestic concerns, but the boy must be looked after. I'll prop him up, and clothe him, and make him quite comfortable."

So saying, Dr. Frost froze up the water into two thick columns, with which he propped up the bronze boy's arms.

Then he made him an ice cloak, and wrapped him up in it so well that nothing of him was visible but the tip of his nose.

"What about us doctor?" said the crows, who had been looking on in dismay. "Now we have nothing to drink and we had nothing to eat before; you are no friend to us."

"Oh, begone!" exclaimed the doctor impatiently. "I cannot possibly provide for all of you. Why do you not go away in the autumn, as other birds do, if you are so thin-skinned? You are not ill, you are only hungry. Go and beg; you are so proud all the summer that you never come near a house. Now it will do you good and tame you a bit to have to ask for your food."

"You are quite right," said they; "and as long as Dr. Frost remains, we'll go and beg, but, depend upon it, he will not stay forever, he is too rough and ill-mannered."

The crows were not mistaken in their surmise.

Dr. Frost killed so many of his patients by hard treatment and was so rude and cutting in his remarks that the government determined on dismissing him, and recalling the former physician Dr Sun at any price.

Messages were sent offering him large emoluments if he would return.

The Sun is estimated back to say that he had no objection, but could not break up his very extensive practice in the Old World so hurriedly.

He would, however, send one of his assistants over, Mr. Beams, who would do what he could to restore the general health, till he, Dr Sun, could come in person.

Mr Beams came, and introduced himself forthwith to Dr. Frost, who bowed to him very coldly, and made some most freezing remarks.

These were all lost on Mr. Beams, who, smiling blandly, contented himself with communicating Dr Sun's intention to return.

Dr. Frost stormed, but Mr. Beams was more than a match for him, so he could do nothing but retire.

Great rejoicings prevailed at Dr. Frost's departure.

The trees delighted, showed their young buds to Mr Beams.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Beams passing by the silent fountain, "what is the matter here? My dear lady, are you ill, that you do not play?"

"I can't," murmured the fountain in a very weak voice; "the boy is asleep, or choked, or something."

"We'll soon remedy that," quoth Mr Beams laying his warm hand on the bronze boy's shoulder. "Now, child what are you dreaming of? Up, and to work again, you lazy fellow!"

"I can't," groaned the bronze boy, "I'm so packed up in my ice cloak that I cannot get out of it."

"I will help you," said Mr. Beams, with a smile.

And with a little pulling, and much persuasion, and a few warm words, he succeeded in extricating the boy from his winter cloak.

Then he cleared the goblet, combed the boy's hair and rid it of all the icicles, and smiled complacently as the waters began bubbling and plashing in quiet glee.

"Now for the pond," said he; and he removed the ice covering and awoke the descendant of the Nymphea family.

The frog crept out of his winter palace.

All was in order; the young leaves drank in the balmy air, the birds sang as if their lives depended on it.

But what of the thrush family? It did not return.

The fountain and the bronze boy waited and wondered, and missed their old friend, and mourned for him.

At last he came; but in what a condition! lame, heart-broken, and alone.

"What is the matter?" asked the fountain.

"Ah!" sighed the thrush, "mine is a sad tale. I have lost mate and children, health and happiness. After a long journey how delighted we were to see, far below us, the fair and lovely country of Italy! How tired our wings were, and how much we wanted rest! Then we heard hundreds of sweet notes familiar to our ears calling and enticing invitations from, we thought, others of our tribe.

"'Listen, papa,' said my daughter, 'listen; we are welcomed already to this lovely country. There must be hundreds of thrushes in these beautiful gardens. Let us descend.'

"A number of our company said, 'No no, go on to Africa. Do not listen to these enticing notes. The people in this country have whistles wrought to such perfection, that they can imitate the note of any bird. Their principal pastime is to entice us down, and then they catch us and kill or torture without mercy. No stopping; on on!'

"A good many went," continued the thrush, after a pause, in which he vainly endeavored to repress his emotion. "A good many went, but by far the greater number, I and my unfortunate family included, remained. We laughed at the idea that we could be deceived with a whistle; we would not believe in the cruelty of the inhabitants. We said in our ignorance and pride, 'We are singing birds of a high class and singing birds are loved and protected everywhere.' In short, we swept down in our blind confidence without taking the least precaution, and settled down on the trees from which we had imagined the sounds proceeded.

"We soon repented our rashness. We saw none of the numberless thrushes whom we had expected to find, and in a moment without signal or sound, the trees on which we alighted were covered with immense nets, and we were prisoners.

"Shall I ever forget the scene that ensued?" said the poor thrush, after another pause. "Hundreds of us were killed without mercy, and handed over to the cooks, for these Italians like nothing better than thrush pie. Others—and theirs was the hardest fate—were cruelly ill treated, and were then placed singly and solitarily in cages so small that they could scarcely turn round in them. 'They will sing better so,' said their hard hearted captors. Oh, if they but understood the bitter pain expressed in the mournful notes of their victims, even their hard hearts would melt. I wonder the sound does not deafen them, and the morsel that they eat does not stick in their throats and choke them."

The poor thrush reflecting that this morsel might have been one of his own children stopped in grief.

"You have escaped," the fountain ventured to say consolingly.

"Yes but alone," answered the thrush. "Do not ask me of the fate of my family. The remembrance of my sorrow overcomes me."

The thrush sobbed; the fountain, always tearful, wept copiously; the bronze boy said, angrily: "I used to be proud of my descent from the Italian masters; now I am nearly ashamed of it."

## JOCK

BY A. O. G.

SOME YEARS AGO, a large portion of the inhabitants of a range of villas on a road, near Glasgow were supplied with hot rolls every morning by a boy named Jock the apprentice of an honest baker in the city.

There was nothing about the appearance of this boy to distinguish him from the innumerable other boys of his age and calling; he was simply and to all intents and purposes a baker's boy.

Jock, however, as he daily approached the suburb alluded to bearing upon his head a heavy load o' bread never failed a single morning to attract the attention of a cluster of boys, the children of the genteel suburbans, who used to congregate at a particular piece of waste ground, in order to amuse themselves by making fun of him during the hour previous to breakfast.

After enduring it for a long series of mornings with silent resignation, he at length turned round on one occasion, and gazing for a moment at the yelling mob, burst into tears.

"It's all very well for you," he said, "who live in fine houses, and have fathers who give you everything you want, to go on in this way, but it's very hard that a poor fellow, who has nobody but himself to look to, and is obliged to work hard for his bread, cannot go about his proper business in an honest way without being abused and miscall'd."

It was all in vain, however, the insults went on.

There was only one boy who felt the force of the appeal.

Staggered both as to the justice and the humanity of the conduct which he and his companions were pursuing, he retired from the crowd, but without being so much impressed as to think himself called upon to interfere with the rest.

The persecution was therefore continued without any material abatement for another week, when a remarkable incident took place.

In the piece of waste ground which has been alluded to, there was a disused quarry which was filled to the brim with water, and formed a favorite scene of amusement for such as delighted in sailing ships, or hunting water rats.

Our friend, then about ten years of age, was engaged one day in the latter sport; and having started a large rat which stretched across towards a small landing place on the opposite side, he was running hastily round to intercept and kill it at that spot, when, treading upon some long grass which masked a particular angle of the brink, he slipped in, and instantly sank to a considerable depth in the water, the last thing he recollected being the crush of exploding bubbles above his head, as he descended beneath the surface.

A cry of terror was instantly raised by his companions; but as there was no house near the spot relief might have been too late, if at that moment Jock had not happened to be passing on his daily duty.

No sooner did he comprehend that a boy was drowning in the pond, than he tossed off his heavy board, and with such eagerness seized the tablecloth which contained his rolls, that they spun in a shower across the road.

Twisting the cloth into a kind of rope, he rushed up to the scene of danger, and so prompt altogether had his movements been, that at the moment when the boy, recovering from the descending force, arose to the surface, Jock was ready to give the tablecloth into his grasp.

"Hold by that hold by that—keep a good hold!" with similar cries burst from the humane lad—very unnecessarily, for he seized it with the convulsive energy of one who struggles for dear life, and was soon raised by it to the dry ground.

As he was sickened by the fright and the water which he had swallowed Jock found it necessary to take some further steps for his recovery.

He laid him upon the ground, to enable him to disgorge the water, and did not leave him till assured that he would be able to walk home.

The boys who were wont to persecute him, now stood silently around, awed by the terrible character of the event which they had just witnessed and perhaps moved with new feelings towards him who had lately been the object of their thoughtless hostility.

But Jock took no notice of them, further than to request them to conduct their companion to his home; and, gathering up his cloth and bread, he quietly withdrew.

The father of the rescued deemed it proper to put some money into the hands of his child to be presented next morning to Jock, as an acknowledgement of his services—an acknowledgement squared as usual in such cases, rather to the condition of the obliging party than to the value of the benefit conferred.

But though Jock had never been so carefully watched for before, no Jock appeared that day.

Next morning, our friend again watched, eager to astonish him with the bright guerdon; but still Jock was not.

Inquiry was then made respecting the person whom the lad had hitherto served, and, having ascertained the address, the boy went to look for him.

The conversation which took place in the shop was as follows:

"I want to see Jock."

"Jock's no here."

"Where is he, then?"

"He went away from me the other day. There was a parcel o' mischievous young villains on the road, that abused him sae much, that Jock could stand it nae longer. Maybe ye're ane o' them (his wife a very hard look). And sae he tauld me that he'd to look for another place. Jock's as fine a callant as ever breathed—an industrious, honest child, and the only son o' a puir widow woman, that has nae other body to depend on. But he never cam hame a morning frae the road but his heart was ready to break wi' ill usage, and, after bearing't as long as he could, he fairly gae up the rows and left me, for I had naething else, a'noo for him to do. Oh, if I could be sure that ye were ane o' the rascals that tormented him, I wad think little o' taking a stick t'ye, and thrashing half the life out of ye."

"Will you not tell us where Jock lives, for I have something to give him?"

"No, no, I'll tell ye naething about him. Gae awa' wi' ye, for I'm sure ye're ane o' the pack."

And, finding the old man much more inclined to inflict a beating than give information, he was obliged to depart as he came.

Other inquiries were made, but in vain.

From that time till the present, Jock has never been traced.

His example, however, still lives, and has been productive of much good.

ASTROLOGY.—Two prophets of the stars who both enjoyed a high reputation at Paris for their skill in astrology, had predicted to Voltaire that he should die at the age of thirty two. "I have been mischievous enough" he wrote, in 1757 "to deceive them already, by about thirty years, for which I humbly beg their pardon." He deceived them still further by more than twenty years. One who had great faith in astrology, relates, as a proof of the truth of this science, that the Emperor Adrian who was a very skilful astrologer, wrote every year, on the first of January, what was to happen during the year, and in the year of his death he only wrote the events that were to occur up to the month when he died, giving it to be understood, by this silence, that he foresaw his fate. But others observe, that the book in which the Emperor Adrian penned his predictions was not shown till after his death so that it might easily have been written subsequently to the event—as some wiseacres predict the temperature of the day when the evening has arrived. Strange it is that astrology should, in the face of its innumerable falsehoods, have ever gained such influence as it did amongst the Eastern nations. A king of the Arabs, to whom the most celebrated astrologers of his age had predicted a long life, died the very year of the prediction. An astrologer, fixing his eyes on the countenance of the Duke of Milan, said to him, "My lord, arrange your affairs, for you have not long to live." "How dost thou know this?" asked the duke. "By my acquaintance with the stars," answered the astrologer. "And pray how long art thou to live?" "My planet promises me a long life." "Well, thou shalt shortly discover that we ought not to trust to the stars." And he ordered him to be hanged instantly. An Arab general consulted, in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. "I rely so completely on your knowledge," replied the general to him, "that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall therefore send you thither before me, in order that I may employ your services from the time of my arrival." And he ordered the head of the soothsayer to be struck off although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among woman and in society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with a seriousness and kindness, of things of which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another—which can give alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation. M. S.

## THE PHANTOM.

BY L. M. L.

I come from my home in the depth of the sea,
I come that thy dreams may be haunted by me;
Not as we parted, the rose on my brow,
But shadowy, silent, I visit thee now.
The time of our parting was when the moon shone,
Of all heaven's daughters the loveliest one;
No cloud in her presence, nor star at her side,
She smiled on her mirror and vassal, the tide.

Unbroken its silver, undreamed of its swell,
There was hope, and not fear, in our midnight farewell;
While drooping around were the wings white and wild
Of the ship that was sleeping, as slumbers a child
I turned to look from it, to look on the bower,
Which then had been training in sunshine or shower—
So thick were the green leaves, the sun, and the rain
Sought to pierce through the shelter of summer in vain.

It was not the ash-tree, the home of the wren,
And the haunt of the bee, I was thinking of then;
Nor yet of the violets, sweet on the air,
But I thought of the true love who planted them there.
I come to thee now, my long hair on the gale,
It is wreathed with no red rose, is bound with no veil;
It's dank with the sea damps, and wet with the spray—
The gold of its auburn has long passed away.

And dark is the cavern wherein I have slept;—
There the seal and the dolphin their vigil have kept;
And the roof is encrusted with white coral cells,
Wherein the strange insect that buildeth them dwells.
There is life in the shells that are strewed o'er the sands,
Not filled, but with music, as on our own strands;
Around me are whitening the bones of the dead,
And a starfish has grown to the rock overhead.

Oh! would that the sunshine could fall on my grave—
That the wild-flower and willow could over it wave;
Oh! would that the daisies grew over my sleep,
That the tears of the morning could over me weep.
Then art pale 'mid thy dreams—I shall trouble no more,
The sorrow that kept me from slumber is o'er:
To the depths of the ocean in peace I depart,
For I still have a grove greener far in thy heart!

## FISHING FOR PEARLS.

In Mexico, preparatory to entering on pearl fishing, the contractor must obtain a concession, and take care to be provided with such articles as the Indians most desire—eatables, tools, coarse dresses, and toys. The concession is obtained by securing a fifth of the produce of the fishery to the authorities, and then at an expense of five dollars, a right to fish in a certain spot is acquired.

A picturesque scene is presented by the encampments of the Indians with their families, who are mainly supported through the year by the fishery. They impatiently await the coming of their employers, and their approach is the signal for a joyful tumult. All join in the shout of welcome, and many plunge into the sea, to show by their various performances in the water their superior fitness for the labors they are anxious to undertake.

Loud cries are heard of, "Engage me, master," "I will make your fortune;" "You employed me last year;" "I am not only the best of the divers, but I am always lucky."

A selection is made, and the contractor takes with him those he deems the ablest hands, pursued by the reproaches and taunts of those who consider they are unfairly neglected. The conditions of the engagement secure the divers' maintenance during the fishery, and a share of the unopened oysters. These requirements granted, shaking hands seals or completes the engagement.

It is from the 15th of May to the 15th of August that the fishing is prosecuted. Then it is that calm weather and a cloudless sky may be expected, which are indispensable to success. Early in the afternoon, a breeze frequently comes from the northeast. Should it rain, the works are partly suspended. The evening is occupied in opening the oysters collected in the early part of the day.

The day after the arrival of the divers, the places most likely to prove favorable are sought by experienced eyes, and a sort of rehearsal is gone through by the Indians. They plunge to a moderate depth, and remain but a short time under water. Then they prepare themselves for the severer task. Their children, almost amphibious, remain on the bank, and are thus prepared to take up the calling of a diver at a future day.

The Indians dive fearlessly, being accustomed to such exercise from their infancy, plunging to a depth of from thirty to sixty feet. By two cords, a diving stone and a net are connected with the boat, which always accompanies them. The diver, putting the toes of his right foot on the rope of the diving stone, and the left on the net, secures the two cords with one hand, and, closing his nostrils with the other, goes to the bottom of the water, where he brings the net round his neck, and collects and puts into it as many shells as he can reach while he remains below, which is generally about two minutes. On emerging from the sea he discharges water from his mouth and nose, and sometimes blood, which, however, does not deter him from presently resuming his labors. Some men will frequently make fifty trips in one afternoon.

Divers soon find themselves able to remain under water two minutes; some occasionally stay three minutes, but never longer. Young divers at first are curiously affected; blood rushes from the nose, eyes, and ears, when they come up, caused by compression of the lungs. It is a painful sight, but rum and salt water are the only remedies applied; and, after a short time, the bleeding is not renewed on diving.

The opening of the season is marked by a ceremony intended to be very solemn. A sorcerer is brought with the divers to exorcise the fish, and protect them. In the performance of his important duty, this highly gifted personage addresses awful language to the dogfish, setting forth his past atrocities, and admonishing him to act a better part in future.

A single plunge enables the diver to secure five or six oysters, sometimes seven or eight, but rarely more. The boats which attend them are managed by rowers, or are secured by an anchor or a stone fastened to a rope. Some of the divers have a rope around them, attached to the boat. The most prudent course is to be as little encumbered as possible, that they may avoide the sharks and dogfish. They are, however, generally armed with a short stick, made of hard wood, and pointed. A lookout or watcher is in each boat, to give a signal to those under water when danger is apparent.

The gangs of younger divers divide into three parties, and rest for longer periods. They go to their labor fasting. When below, they, of course, snatch the oysters up as quickly as possible, using the short stick they carry, when necessary, to separate them from any other substance. Finding an oyster likely to contain a pearl, the stick is sometimes used to open it, and the diver will reappear with a shell or two, and tell that, during three minutes' immersion he could discover nothing but shells. The fraud is often discovered, and the stick freely used on the head or back of the cheat.

## Grains of Gold.

The religion of humanity is love.

Keep thy tongue from unkindness.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

Lose no time in executing your resolution.

Endeavor to make peace among your neighbors.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

No man has any time to form a definite idea of eternity.

The man who minds his own business has good steady employment.

Criticism is generally the delicate art of abuse under a polite guise.

The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust in it.

Neither be too proud of your own abilities, nor scorn those of others.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.

It is dangerous to jest with those who are more cunning and stronger than ourselves.

Events are not in our power; but it always is better to make good use of even the worst.

With what different eyes do we look upon an action when it is ours, and when it is another's.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

We are often discontented with our own condition, if we knew that of others, it might be different.

Prejudice and self sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

Good manners are the only oil with which to keep the complex machinery of social life in good working order.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner.

Faith is letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families.

Weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle.

Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by his defeat.

The praise of the envious is far less credita le than their censure, for they praise only that which they can surpass, and censure that which surpasses them.

That knowledge which is necessary is seldom abstruse, and for all practical purposes conscience is the best casuist, and to do as we would be done by, the safest rule.

"Evil," says Saurin, "is in the world, and the permission of it is certainly consistent with the attributes of God. Our inability to account for it is another thing, and the fact is not affected by it."

If you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give credit, on the score of character which he may have attained, for any great ability in points which you do not understand.

I find one occupation which is ever green, of which we shall never weary, which is good for all seasons, beautiful at all times, a source of unwearying delight, which comes nearest to the divine—and that is the act of doing good. This is the one pleasure which will surely increase as life goes on.

When we begin to live out of ourselves to appreciate interests that we do not share, and sympathize with joys and sorrows not our own, to respect knowledge that we have not gained, and wisdom from whatever source it comes, then shall we be released from the chains which keep us back from seeing much that is true, and feeling much that is good, and our lives will become full and rich to ourselves, and precious to others.

### 'Victory!'

Under this caption, a gentleman in Iowa, who had procured the Compound Oxygen Treatment for his wife, writes: "I am surprised at finding her so much improved in health. When she began using the Oxygen she could not sit up more than four hours at a time; could not walk a quarter of a mile. Improved from the first inhalation, and now, having used the Treatment for six weeks, does considerable work around the house and can walk two miles and not be tired. Raises no more bloody matter. No cough. Sleeps and eats well. All that I can say is, "Thank God, and Drs. Starkey & Palen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Action, and Results, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Reminiscences.

The cycle of life—Baby, girl, woman, wife, baby.

Never attempt to convince a woman of anything by argument; you must resort to emotion.

Enough Said.—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tombstone of a lady.

A man was tarred and feathered a few weeks since by some women in Maine. It made him insane.

"Do you know what gives the greatest happiness to woman?" "Her beauty?" "No; the ugliness of another."

A fashionable mother in New York is said to have rouged her baby's cheeks for baptism, as "it was pale that morning."

Nearly all the quarrels between a married couple are occasioned by the obstinacy of the one in not giving way when in the wrong.

A Buffalo Sunday school teacher is in trouble because she gave her pupils circus tickets instead of the ordinary merit cards.

A lady took poison in New York, lately, because her husband spoke unpleasantly to her. She had been married only ten months.

A sentimental woman in Canada has put a strong iron fence around the tree whereon a sweetheart of youthful days once carved her name.

To Make a Rich Jam.—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into one car. Would this also preserve the tempers of the aforesaid twenty ladies?

"No kiss!" he said pleadingly, "no kiss from my darling to-night!" "No," she said, emphatically, "no kiss. I hear that there is mumps in your family."

In Spain women and girls are admitted to universities, but no action has been taken on the question of allowing them to practice after they have obtained their degrees.

A girl in London was engaged to marry a young man who was killed by falling from a house on which he was at work. She took carbolic acid and was found dead on his grave.

Among the things to be shown at a coming Italian exhibition is a new sort of hat. It is impervious to grease and crush. Nothing can put it out of shape, nothing can grease it.

A lady in a street car paid her fare and handed the conductor a tract. "Much obliged," he said, "but we are forbidden to take anything over and above the price of the seat."

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet.

A woman in eastern Pennsylvania became crazy on seeing her husband kiss another woman. The husband was a radical. No true husband would ever kiss another woman when his wife was looking.

Laura (with novel)—Oh! if this tale were only true and I were the heroine. Kate—What! With her persecutions, her misery? Laura—Ah! but, then, dear, remember she does get a husband, after all!

This is a great and scientific age, but telephones and phonographs have not in several parts of this glorious Union subdued the talking power of two gingham sunbonnets joined, rim and rim, over a back fence.

A husband recently cured his wife of divers ills by kissing the servant girl and letting his wife catch him at it. He says she was up in an instant, forgetting all her complaints, while he has never had to pay a penny for "help" since.

A clergyman in a lecture on "How to Get Married," said: "Every man wants a wife and every woman wants a husband." But the great difficulty is that the woman the man wants won't have him, and the man the woman wants some other woman.

A poor woman in England in the height of enthusiasm, her husband having declined to treat her to the play, obtained a pound and a half of candles from her shopkeeper on credit, melted them down, sold the fat, and went to the theatre with the proceeds.

Economical husbands should marry Ice lander wives. Their every day dress consists of a thick serge skirt, made without flounces, and a yarn jacket, and the outfit lasts a dozen years, so that amongst they make it themselves they have plenty of time to do their husband's sewing.

It was in Kentucky. Mr. Tripp came to her father's house on business. Miss Corinne opened the door, showed him into the parlor, and went upstairs for her papa. Mr. Tripp stayed to tea. It was a clear case of love at first sight, and to-day Mr. Tripp is a son-in-law and one of the family. Mind—Young ladies, look sharp and attend to the door bell.

In London the "Hogarth" has run the "Gainsborough" out as a fashionable hat. The idea is taken from a little picture called "The Forfeit." An arch looking girl has put on a young officer's hat, and the young officer bends over her shoulder and takes "compensation for disturbance." The "Hogarth" hat is made of black plush or beaver and is three cornered.

Two young men, unmarried and having some money to squander, promised to give a Ladies' Sewing Circle in a Kentucky town, $10 if its members would keep absolute silence at its meetings for the space of one hour. The ladies took 10 minutes to express, all together, their opinions of these young men, and then resolutely set to work and actually won the money.

A spirited and fastidious Ottawa girl declined to be married, though the guests were assembled and the bridegroom waiting, because the train of her dress did not hang properly. Expostulation was in vain. She said that she had put a great amount of thought and money into the garment, and it would be a lifelong sorrow to her if she wore it when conscious that it was not a success. The wedding was postponed a week.

Apparently Queen Victoria will never forgive her situation; being human and also a widow, it has been reported that she would marry again but for the custom which makes it contrary to kingly and queenly good breeding to do so. And when a peeress, who became a widow not long ago and who has since contracted a second marriage, called the other day for a chat, the Queen refused to receive her, which shows that it is possible to be foolish as well as to be a Queen.

## News Notes.

Leadville is two miles above the sea.

England's "rum bill" for 1880 exceeded [illegible].

It takes 20 000 roses to produce half an ounce of otter.

A new fuel consists of petroleum mixed with superheated steam.

White curtains, except of the finest lace, are no longer fashionable.

The great wall of China is 1728 miles long, 16 feet wide, and 15 feet thick.

Daylight dancing is to supplant that of the night at the leading summer resorts this season.

A man in a Paris restaurant has the uncomfortable feeling of being engaged in a duel with the waiter.

It is said that several straw-colored diamonds have lately been found in an old gold mine in South Carolina.

A Connecticut man ordered a drink, and then offered in payment an order for goods from the Overseer of the Poor.

In England, and in this country, too, some persons make a living by traveling around with ferrets, killing rats for pay.

It is said ex-Senator Conkling wears that curl on his forehead to conceal a scar made by the kick of a horse when he was a youth.

One man on the Pacific slope employed four weeks in writing 6 571 words on a postal card, so that they can be read without the aid of a glass.

A witness in an Ottawa court refused to be sworn on the old version of the Bible, and the judge allowed the use of a revised New Testament.

Among the presents displayed at a recent wedding in New York was a silver butter-dish heaped high with $20 gold coins, a gift from the bride's father.

A prominent French paper asserts that of twenty marriages in the higher and middle classes in Paris, five are the work of professional matrimonial agents.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander in chief of the British army, is an early riser and a hard worker. To avoid corpulency, he eats only two meals a day, breakfasting at noon.

The "no admittance" sign so prominently posted on most foreign shops, is no longer used in this country to guard the secrets of trade, but is simply a warning to keep out idlers.

Two tourists escaped the importunities of hackmen at Niagara by occasionally working their fingers like deaf mutes, thus giving the impression that talk would be thrown away on them.

A ten year old Boston boy recently threw his overcoat across the back of a chair, when a revolver in one of the pockets was discharged, the bullet going through his heart, and killing him instantly.

There are not more than 3 000 professional burglars in America, and yet to keep them out of our homes we pay $5 000 000 a year for locks, bolts and fastenings. $10 000 apiece a year would hire them to be good.

A Cheyenne boy sold one of his teeth to a dentist for $100, to replace one lost by a young Spanish lady of great beauty. By a fortunate investment of this amount he became rich, and is soon to marry the girl.

Fifty thousand Sunday school children marched in procession in Brooklyn recently. This is the largest procession that has been seen in the United States since the great review in Washington at the close of the war.

Mother Shipton and her prophecies are still in authority in parts of Canada. In one county several farmers have neglected putting in their crops because of their firm belief that the world will come to an end this year.

Texas is the greatest cattle-raising State in the Union, yet the beef eaten there by the fastidious is chiefly brought from Kansas. The reason is that Texas cattle are fat only two months in the year, when the grass is green.

A certain class of betting men who go to English races carry hat-boxes which contain several hats of various colors. During the races, and when debts are due, these men who have lost, change and interchange their hats, so that they may escape recognition.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands has her gowns made all in one piece in the native style. But they are of blue velvet, striped with gold, of peach-pink with white jet, and of blue satin with crimson crushed roses. Slippers for her Majesty are made of the same material as the dresses.

A circus proprietor, now in Canada, has applied for the admission of his elephants to this country free of duty, on the ground that they are "tools of trade," and came within the provisions of the law permitting musicians and professional men to import their "tools of trade" free of duty.

An exhibition of a novel character is to be held at London in August next. It will comprise all temperance and non-alcoholic drinks, the machinery for their preparation and the various modes of packing them, as well as machinery for cork cutting, bottle-cleaning, and kindred industries.

A thievish waiter, while attempting to escape from a policeman in a Boston restaurant, made a wild leap, hoping to clear a table at which a party of gentlemen were breakfasting. He landed in the centre of the table, to the great destruction of the cloth, and the wild affright of the party, who had received no warning of his coming.

A Brooklyn clergyman has presented his children's pet dog with a dinner service of green majolica. The dog comes to the table regularly whenever the bell is rung for meals and is also a stated attendant on family prayers. The animal's behavior during time of worship is quite as decorously devout as that of the other members of the household.

The Empress of Russia recently discovered between the leaves of her prayer book a sheet of paper with a pen-and-ink drawing on each side. Each sketch represented a gibbet, on one of which one of the executed female Nihilists was seen hanging, and on the other her Majesty. Beneath were written the words, "An eye for an eye. Your child will meet the same fate as mine." The Empress is said to have fainted on reading the ingubrious threat.

# Facetiæ.

An Irish editor says: "Our women are accused of being fond of whistling. Well, so be it. What is more lovely than tulips well blown?"

Said an orator the other day, "not even truth has escaped the slanderer's tongue. She is constantly accused of lying—at the bottom of a well."

The coolest man is he who, when you open a door for yourself, takes it for granted that you will hold it open for him, and shut it after him.

The best that a broken-hearted country editor could ask was, "Why is love like a Scotch plaid?" "Because it is all stuff, and is then covered."

"Acquires the confection," is the Boston girl's translation of "Take the cake." Similarly, "The proper caper" becomes "The correct contortion."

"Suppose I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a beau to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation!" was the reply.

"Lawks!" exclaimed Mr. Partington, "what monsters those master builders must be. I am told that some of 'em have as many as a hundred hands."

A man who will wait two hours for a street car rather than walk five blocks, will walk eleven miles around a billiard table from 9 to 11 o'clock p. m.

The strongest thing in mathematics and history is the fact that, notwithstanding there are one thousand men in a regiment, one man constitutes the major part of it.

The young man who went out to serenade his sweetheart, and was kicked over the fence by her angry father, says he knows that music has an elevating influence.

"Time flies!" said a landlady to her philosophical boarder, so called, and the P. B. responded: "Yes, that's just what they are. They are always on time and ahead of time for people to get up while fly-time lasts. I shall be rejoiced when time flies to the end of fly time; then I can find time to fly around and have a little time to myself."

Write to Mrs. Lydia E Pinkham, No 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints

**Why Are You Bilious?**

Because you have allowed your bowels to become costive, and liver torpid. Use Kidney Wort to produce a free state of the bowels, and it will stimulate the liver to proper action, cleanse the skin of its yellowness, cure bilious headache, and cause new life in the blood. Druggists have it, both dry and liquid.—Zion's Herald.

**Important.**

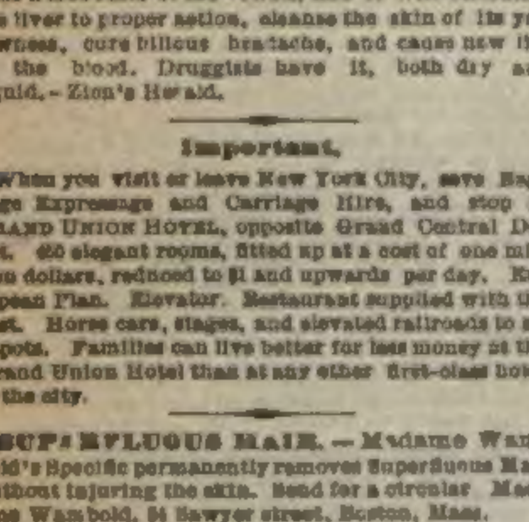
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular Madame Wambold, 54 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Nothing equal to Pearl's White Glycerine for sunburn prickly heat, and to remove tan. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by mentioning the Saturday Evening Post.**

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

**Feeble and Sickly Persons**

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Neuralgia and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation,

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few Doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Relievers and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

BEATTY'S ORGANS 15 useful stops, 5 sets reeds only $65 Pianos $125. up. ☞ Illus Catalogue Free. Address BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

Chestnut St. | Market St.

Upon receipt of a postal card, specifying the kind of goods wanted, we immediately send by mail, gratuitously, with widths and prices marked, samples of

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, Etc.

showing the latest styles, and enabling a purchaser in any part of the United States to select satisfactorily, and order the goods conveniently, with certainty of receiving only what are sent for, and at precisely the same prices paid by city customers who buy at our counters. If, upon examination at home, any articles fail to be as expected, we request their return, and send others in exchange, or refund the money at once if the purchaser prefers.

Our New Spring Catalogue

embracing all the departments in one large book, with a system of ordering goods by letter more convenient than any heretofore, will be mailed, without charge, to those who send us a postal card containing name, town, county, and state: nothing further is necessary,—we will understand what is wanted.

Our stock, which forms the greatest variety in one establishment in the United States, includes Ladies' Suits, Shawls, Millinery, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Jewelry, Laces, Embroideries, Shoes, Linens, Gentlemen's Clothing, Housekeeping Goods, China, Silverware, Furniture, Carpets, etc. Address,

John Wanamaker,

PHILADELPHIA.

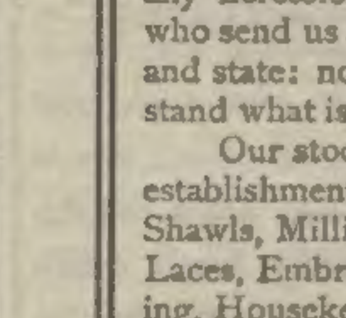
13th Street | City Hall Square

Our Store, known as the Grand Depot, occupies the block at Thirteenth and Market Streets, extending to Chestnut Street and City Hall Square, and has an area of between two and three acres on the ground floor alone.

THE WILSON PATENT

Adjustable Chair,

*With Thirty Changes of Positions.*



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Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C O D Send stamp for illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST

Address,

Wilson Adjustable Chair Mfg. Co.,
661 Broadway, New York.

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BROKER IN STOCKS

and Miscellaneous Securities,

312 Stock Exchange Place,

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Buys and Sells on Commission for Cash or Margin. All securities dealt in at the New York or Philadelphia Stock Exchanges. Gold certificates of the United and other Pipel nes bought or sold for cash or on margin. Also deals in First-class Stock Privileges. $100 and upwards invested to the best advantage—according to the wishes of the reader; Correspondence solicited. Orders by mail or telegraph faithfully and promptly executed.

C. G. STODDART,
312 Exchange Place, Philadelphia.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO AGENTS—Goods Unsold Returned. If you are out of employment and want to start in a business you can make from $5 to $10 a day clear, and take no risk of loss. We will send you on receipt of $11, goods that will sell readily in a few days, for $25. If the agent fails to sell these goods in four days they can return all unsold to us and we will return them their money. Can anything be fairer? We take all risk of loss, and the agent gets started in a business that will be permanent, and pay from $1,000 to $3,000 a year. Ladies can do as well as men. We want an agent in every county. Full particulars free. Address U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., 115 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHITE GLYCERINE

Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all Spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, & entitles be mailed 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'rs Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (132 pp.) AND LECTURE, 10c.

MAGIC LANTERN 60 VIEWS $20.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES WANTED.

*Automatic Dissolvers only $5. Magical Organettes only $8.* Stereopticon Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Wonders, 3c. *Circulars free.* THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa

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Macaulay's History of England, 5 Vols. 1200 pages, cloth; only $2.00

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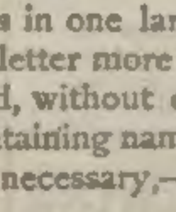

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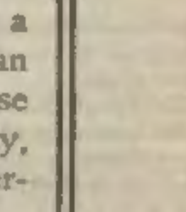

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| For Wigs, Invisibles. | Toupees and Scalps, Invisibles. |
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| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald. |
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| No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. | No. 3. Over the crown of the head. |
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Privaterooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

$10.60 FOR 40c.

Any one sending me 40 cents and the addresses of fifty of their acquaintances will receive by return mail goods that retail at $10 60. Send one cent stamp, and if you want a fortune don't let this chance slip. I assure all that carry out in good faith this offer.

J. T. HEARY,
Box 187 Buffalo, N. Y.

70 YOUR NAME In New Type on 70 Cards 10c

New styles, by best artists: Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 Samples Fancy Advertising Cards, 50c. Address STAVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 468 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. BY SENDING 25 cts. money, or 40 cts. postage stamps, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y. I will refund the money if not satisfied.

I CANNOT pay $75 00 per day, but agents can make from $10 00 to $25.00 a day selling Electro Magnetic Pads, Batteries, Electrods and other remedies. Send 50c. for Battery or Electrods or stamp for terms to agents, with thousands of testimonials of cures.

E. S. HARDING,
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RIDGE'S FOOD

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a mixture, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

FREE. EMORY'S STANDARD CURE. Purely Vegetable Sugar-coated Pills. A never failing remedy for FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUSNESS and all MALARIAL DISEASES. Contains no Quinine, Mercury, or Poisons of any kind. Trial Box sent FREE. Address Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York city.

$105 A MONTH and EXPENSES, SELLING CIGARS Samples Free Best Three Cent Cigar in market. Address, S. FOSTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

SALESMEN Local and Traveling

### THE STUBBORN BOOT.

"Bother!" was all that John Clatterby said;
His breath came quick, his cheek was red;
He flourished his elbows, and looked absurd,
While over and over his "bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked,
The boot half on would dangle and flap—
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed,
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed—
He wriggled his heel, and tugged at the leather,
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy!" said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem!—try the mate of the boot,
On the other foot?" "I'm a goose," laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs of this busy life,
As that same day I said to my wife,
Our troubles come from trying to put
The left-hand shoe on the right-hand foot.

## Humorous.

Nature's melodies—Whistling winds.

Only a question of time—Asking the hour.

A happy set of men—Soldiers in transports.

Strange behavior—A vessel "hugging" the coast.

A novel scheme—A proposition to write a romance.

Wagon wheels cannot run far without being tired.

A ship that has two mates and no captain—Courtship.

A grate sorrow—The fire out, and no coal to replenish it.

Lawyers are seldom consulted in regard to ladies' suits.

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

Why is a healthy tree like a dog? Because its bark is sound.

Oblige people to pay as they go, and the majority of them would go slow.

Nine tenths of the religion of the present day is nothing but holyomargarine.

Of all honorable professions, that of the surgeon is pre-eminently the one for men of probity.

How people differ. One advises us to see the ocean, while another says, "O shun the sea."

There is reason to believe that there is quite as large an amount of graft on land as on water.

If an empty purse could speak, what love-like speech would it make?—"You'll find no change in me."

A great many pious people resemble the old cathedrals in one particular: viz., their dim religious light.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Pa, hadn't I better be mended?"

The estate of a rich man is hallowed ground to the lawyers, and they will travel for miles to prey upon it.

The young man who took a seat near the object of his adoration, exclaimed, "This is juxtaposition that suits me."

A man has been found who made some money out of the law. He borrowed it from a judge, and left the country.

Time is money, and money is time, for when you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, it is a quarter to two.

"There's music in the hair," was a fond father's remark, as he paced the midnight floor with his crying son in his arms.

What word of five syllables is that from which if you take one syllable away, no syllable remains? Monosyllable—no syllable.

It is rather extraordinary that people who can neither read nor write are the very people who are certain to make their mark.

One point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor, is, that the one clings to its ma, and the other to its spar.

A young poet of the realistic school writes: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

The simplest and most economical way of taking a census of the children of a neighborhood is to employ an organ-grinder for five minutes.

### Nature's Sluice-Way.

The kidneys are Nature's sluiceway to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise, and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort, and take it faithfully. It will clean the sluice-way of sand, gravel, or slime, and purify the whole system. Druggists sell it, both liquid and dry, and it is equally efficient in either form.—Independent.


A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION.

# THE LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR,

## A ROYAL REMEDY

Now offered to the American Public by

The Pall Mall Electric Ass'n, of London.

FRONT VIEW
THIS SIDE IS HANDSOMELY CHASED & RESEMBLES A LOCKET OR PENDANT. IT IS HIGHLY POLISHED AND MADE OF A BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL RESEMBLING EBONY.
EXACT SIZE

A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a newly invented Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience has shown that they act immediately upon the blood, nerves and tissues, producing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months. There is no moist or unpleasant feeling attending their use, and they can be worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily life. Full directions accompany each one. Every mail brings us most gratifying letters from those using them.

### THE GENERATOR QUICKLY URES

Stomach, Liver & Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Gout, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills & Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, & all their Complications.

**There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.**

*A Guarantee goes with every Generator,*

**OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."**

BACK VIEW SHOWING THE SURFACE OF THE METALLIC BATTERY OR GENERATOR WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS BE WORN NEXT TO THE BODY.
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS
PALL MALL LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR
PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASS'N OF LONDON, N.Y. BRANCH, 842 BROADWAY

*From a Railroad Contractor*:—Beaver, Mass., January 26th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by having eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has so far done me a world of good, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex. Inclosed is $3. R. H. Reverson.

*From the Rev. C. Q. Huntington*:—Avon House, N. Y. City, Thursday.—While visiting your city, attending a meeting of our clergy, I was induced to buy your Generator for indigestion and dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. Nothing hitherto tried did me any good; but, believing in electricity, and having found an infallible cure for headache in Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I determined to buy a Generator, which, I am glad to say, relieved me at once, and I now feel entirely cured. I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it, and take this method of thanking you.
[Rev.] C. Q. Huntington.

*From a Naval Officer*:—Philadelphia, Pa., February 10, 1881.—Your Generator has proved a blessing to me. I have been a great sufferer from liver trouble and constipation, but am now relieved entirely. I was doubtful at first, as I had tried all sorts of batteries and pads without effect. There is no trouble in wearing it, and it certainly is more agreeable than drugs. U. S. Grayson, U. S. N.

*From Major A. H. Townsend*:—Chicago, Ill., December 17th, 1881.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Inclosed find $5., please send me two more for a friend.
[Major] A. H. Townsend.

Many more could be printed, did space permit.

Having purchased the sole right to introduce them in America, we will **send them on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $5**, which will be returned, if they fail to relieve after a reasonable time. Include 10 cts. for registration. Remittance can be made in Check, Draft, Post Office Order, Currency or Stamps, and should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, M.D.**

**842 Broadway, New York** (Mention this Paper), or we will send them by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege of opening and examining, but the Express Charges will add considerably to your cost; or ask your Druggist to obtain them for you. Agents wanted in every town.

You have been imposed upon if you have bought a 'Battery,' 'Pad,' or 'Medal,' thinking it was the Generator.

Its great success in England has Caused the Market to be Flooded with Cheap, Worthless Imitations. See that the Name "Pall Mall" is stamped on the Back.



WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

**New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.**

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.



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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

**Sold by all Druggists.**

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co. Philada., Pa.



**25** Large Gold, Bevel and Formed-corner Cards, 10c. Acme Card Co., Solsville, N. Y.



# ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.

During the past year, we have had many inquiries for a Stem Winding and Stem Setting Watch, one that could be relied upon as a good time-keeper, sufficiently attractive in appearance for any gentleman to carry, and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a correct time-keeper, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture, and finding nothing that would "fill the bill" in every respect, for time-keeping qualities, for appearance, and in price, we concluded to look over the foreign markets and see if something could not be found that would answer the purpose. We therefore sent a member of our firm to Europe to look up the watch business. He visited England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and in Switzerland, rightly named the "Paradise of watch makers," found just what we wanted, a fine Stem Winding Watch, Jewelled Movement (fully equal to those put up in Gold Cases, and sold in this Country at $100 and $150). By giving a large order, we got the price reduced sufficiently low, so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch, and armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Leuchfeld of Switzerland (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold), an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were examined, and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The resemblance to Gold was marvelous. The Professor exhibited with much pride two grand prize medals awarded at the Great International Exposition held at Paris for the general resemblance of the metal to gold, for its adaptability for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles, and also for its lasting brilliancy.

The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from his ALUMINUM GOLD for our NEW STEM WINDING WATCH. They are elegantly engraved, or engine turned, and are unsurpassed for beauty of workmanship. The watches are manufactured of the best material and made with improved machinery, and finished by skilled hand labor, thus insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond question. Great care is used in finishing them and particularly in adjusting them for Rail Road use. We have spared no pains or expense in perfecting this Watch, both Case and Movement, and now have the pleasure of offering to the public a watch which, in style and for time-keeping qualities, is only equaled by Watches that cost ten times as much. Sample Watch by Registered Mail, Ten Dollars; we will send one of the above Watches to any person who orders it with the intention of acting as agent, if found satisfactory, for Nine Dollars. Send money by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars is sent on account, the balance can be paid at the express office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

Carrollton, O., April 13, 1881.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.
Gents:—The Stem Winding Watch you sent me was splendid. Please send me two more of the same style, also one Imitation Gold Watch, Gent's size and one Lady's Imitation Gold Watch and Chain.
Respectfully, Samuel Ready, 174 N. High St.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Office Adams Express Co., Williamsport, Va., April 16, 1881.
Gentlemen:—Watch received—am more than pleased with it. I have sold it for $15.00 to a R. R. man. Please send me another at once of the same pattern and Chain also, and oblige N. B. Boyle.

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

AFTERNOON summer dresses for parties are made with gathered flounces of black or white lace up almost to the waist. A long bodice meets the flounces, ornamented with five gaugings, or a number of very small plaits. Bows of color are put at the throat and sleeves, and in the cascade of lace down the front. The foundation is very light.

Pretty lace hats are intended to be worn with these dresses. Spanish lace is being used for thin summer mantles, and trimmed with black satin.

An extremely useful costume is of satin merveilleux; it is useful because it can be worn in two ways—first, as a trotteuse dress with high corsage; and, secondly, for evening toilette by the addition of a train which fastens securely by means of agrafes under one of the many flounces forming the short skirt. This costume is called the Princesse Georges, and is composed of satin and Spanish lace placed in alternate flounces. The corsage has two points, back and front and one on each hip; these points are cut like wide basques, and are drawn into tassels of Spanish lace, out of which spring flots of satin ribbon finished by steel, silver, or gold aiguillettes.

The corsage has a finely-pleated satin fichu, with lace ends also pleated; three "Colin" bows cover the square front, which only shows when the satin is turned in, a clever little cut being given just under the third bow, which allows of the satin being turned back.

For opera wraps the lace is cream-colored, and arranged over cream satin de Lyon or broche, the ends being turned towards the front, and loosely looped over each other under the wearer's chin. A wide lace scarf can be utilized for this. It is intended to try the effect of Mother Hubbard cloaks in Madras muslin, mounted over satin or sarsnet, trimmed with lace and satin bows, for daylight, dinner, or opera wear, where wraps are seen, and require to be ornamental.

Some of the new black foulard skirts are arranged with a very deep gathered flounce of alternate stripes of black lace insertion and foulard, with an edging of lace, showing a colored silk through. Above is draped a broad scarf of foulard, folded across the front, and tied in either a large bow at the back, or in loops.

The bodice is either a full gathered one, with waistband, or a neat-fitting jacket; the colored flounce of silk, which is tacked in separately, underneath the openwork one, can be removed at will, and either one entirely black or of a different color substituted. These skirts are also worn without tunic or bodice, underneath the long brocaded jackets, now so fashionable.

Fichus have lost none of their popularity, for they are suited to all ages, and as the dress need not be decollete, the new fichus, with collars and double capes, are as becoming at sixty as they are at sixteen.

The square collar is frequently of satin matching the dress, and trimmed with muslin or lace.

Valenciennes lace is again coming into favor, although it has many new and lovely rivals.

A novelty of the season is the marine fichu of embroidered mull muslin, cut square in the back like a sailor collar, either in vandyke points or round scallops, and crossed, or else tied in front. Very fine vandyke collars and cuffs of crochet or Irish lace are also worn.

There is a rage a fancy for having all black about the neck, and black Spanish lace fichus, or else shoulder capes of three or four rows of gathered lace, are worn in this way, without a relief of white, in a surplice point fastened by flowers, or a small scarf-pin such as gentlemen wear.

A pretty morning parure is made of cambric, with a turned-down collar, trimmed on the revers with embroidered insertion, and cuffs to match; another is of linen, ornamented with Irish guipure.

A dressy fichu is composed of embroidered muslin, edged on both sides with deep Valenciennes lace; and a still prettier one is of gauze or Indian muslin, the front composed of a triple collar, slightly open in V shape in front, with four rows of gatherings drawing up the neck, and trimmed with flounces of Brussels lace and rows of satin ribbon.

A useful collarette for theatre or dinner wear is made of black satin, gathered round the neck, and lined with colored satin; a rosette and ends in front, trimmed with steel beads.

Sunshades are most coquettish little affairs; some of them are like a Chinese mandarin's parasol, with straight ribs, and made in the prettiest colors and the choicest materials; satins with Japanese designs of tiny plates and fans; scarlet brocades, embroidered beautifully with medallions in gold thread, looking almost like gold dust, upon grounds of flame color, scintillating with every movement; lovely Watteau sunshades, upon which are strewn extravagantly-tinted flowers in Louis XVI. style; while on the handles are placed two flowers matching two of the principal colors of the sunshade, nestled in the midst of a bow of satin ribbon also corresponding with the umbrella.

Pretty little ruffles or necklets are made of lace, studded with pearls or tiny sprays of flowers.

Russian lace, coarse in texture, white with dark-blue and red cotton inserted in patterns is now used for trimming morning and tennis dresses, as well as sheeting and coarse linen.

Scandinavian torques for the neck—in other words, a sort of bangle—are novelties, and in place of the ubiquitous pig, we are now to have as an ornament a golden calf, with "Adore me" inscribed on it.

A specialty in mittens is worthy of notice. They are made like stockings to cling closely to the arms, and most of them have a tiny bow at the wrist, and another near the elbow.

Some specially pretty black ones were embroidered, with floss silk in different shades, and some in cream color, covered with seed pearls.

Open-necked dresses for day wear have brought chemisettes into fashion again. They are made of Indian muslin, and have a lace ruching round the throat. Some have the addition of a Byron collar.

Plain linen collars are also being worn again, especially with high, tight bodies. They are made quite straight, like chokers, and are fastened together at the neck by a gold stud.

Turned-down collars of muslin are trimmed with several rows of lace, almost hiding all muslin part of the collar. A bow to match trims the front of these collars. White neckties are bound all round with hems of colored muslin.

The new fichus are very elaborately made with box-plaited ruffs round the neck and jabots down the front, edged with rows of lace, and tied together in the Directoire style.

High cuffs, of fulled muslin, edged with lace, are worn turned up over sleeves fitting tightly to the wrists. Breakfast caps are made of rows of plaited lace on a net crown of a square shape. Rosettes of colored satin are placed on one side.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are as varied as ever. They are sometimes embroidered with the day of the week in one corner in small plain figures, or with the signature of the wearer instead of the monogram or initials. They are small, and sometimes of silk.

Petticoats are in great variety; the prettiest, however, are those made like an apron in front, to which is attached a double flounce of plaited muslin, edged round both of its edges with Valenciennes lace. The back and open part of the apron is filled in with two widths of the cambric, which are drawn into the waist by strings. This joins the sides of the flounces in front, and is also trimmed with a flounce like the front, and also edged with lace.

A new collar in the Renaissance style is becoming, and easily made. Three flat rows of Bruges lace forms the fichu itself, which is crossed on the chest, and falls in two square ends.

A lace collar, lined with flesh-colored surah, finishes it at the top and turns down in front, fastening under a butterfly bow of shaded satin. Another similar bow ornaments it on the chest. Between the two a bunch of damask roses nestles in many folds of lace.

The graceful fashion of a maze lace thrown over the head, and falling down upon the shoulders, affected by Spanish women from time out of date, has obtained great favor in Paris, and is now introduced to us here with other styles of spring and summer wear. These becoming head-dresses are furnished in the form of llama, thread lace and Spanish points, some of which are large enough to descend below the waist in regular mantle fashion. They are brought well forward over the head and fastened at one side with some jewel, or with a cluster of flowers. Sometimes the tabs are brought to the front and loosely tied; again, one tab is allowed to fall carelessly, while the other is caught on the sleeve with a flower.

Undressed kid gloves are cut in the new tan, drab, light-brown, sabes of rose, and mode colors. They come as do the dress kid gloves, in three prevailing styles—the standard button glove; the mousquetaire, a loose, long wristed glove with two buttons, and the Sarahardt glove, with no buttons at all. The buttoned glove is the favorite of the three, and the Sarahardt the least popular.

The tendency in all gloves is to larger wrists, many women wearing with open dress sleeves eight and ten-buttoned gloves in daytime, though those showing three and four buttons are, of course, the most popular.

All lace mitts, while still worn, have given way to a great extent to the Marguerite mitts, made with solid half hands and wrists and lace tops.

The serviceable regular-made silk gloves are offered with lace tops, and commend themselves for hard service.

A novelty in silk gloves of kid finish are the silk mousquetaire gloves in light evening shades, and also in black. Black, by the way, is a fashionable color in all styles of gloves. The silk mousquetaire gloves come in both medium and very long lengths, and afford, with the long Marguerite mitts, most comfortable wear for the summer season.

## Directions About Bread.

ON BREAD.

OF all articles of food, bread is perhaps the one about which most has been written, most instruction given, and most failures made. I have read over many recipes for bread, and am convinced that when the time allowed for rising is specified, it is invariably too short.

One standard book directs you to leave your sponge two hours, and the bread when made up a quarter of an hour. This recipe strictly followed must result in heavy, tough bread. As bread is so important, and so many fail, I will give my own method from beginning to end; not that there are not numberless good recipes, but simply because they frequently need adapting to circumstances, and altering a recipe is one of the things a tyro has compunctions about doing.

I make a sponge over night, using a dried yeast-cake soaked in a pint of warm water, to which add a spoonful of salt, and, if the weather is warm, as much soda as will lie on a dime; make this into a stiff batter with flour—it may take a quart or less, flour varies so much, to give a rule is impossible; but if, after standing the sponge has a watery appearance, make it thicker by sprinkling in more flour, beat hard a few minutes, and cover with a cloth—in winter keep a piece of thick flannel for the purpose, as a chill is fatal to your sponge—and set in a warm place free from draughts.

The next morning, when the sponge is quite light—that is to say, at least twice the bulk it was, and like a honeycomb—take two quarts of flour, more or less, as you require, but I recommend at first a small baking, and this will make three small loaves; in winter, flour should be dried and warmed; put it in your mixing bowl, and turn the sponge into a hole in the centre. Have ready some water, rather more than lukewarm, but not hot. Add it gradually, stirring your flour into the sponge at the same time.

The great fault in making bread is setting the dough too stiff; it should be as soft as possible, without being too sticky or wet. Now knead it with both hands from all sides into the centre; keep this motion, occasionally dipping your hands into the flour if the dough sticks, but do not add more flour unless the paste sticks very much; if you have the right consistency it will be a smooth mass, very soft to the touch, yet not sticky, but this may not be attained at a first mixing without adding flour by degrees. When you have kneaded the dough until it leaves the bowl all round, set it in a warm place to rise.

When it is well risen, feels very soft and warm to the touch, and is twice its bulk, knead it once more thoroughly, then put it in tins either floured, and the flour not adhering shaken out, or buttered, putting in each a piece of dough half the size you intend your loaf to be. Now everything depends on your oven.

Many people bake their bread slowly, leaving it in the oven a long time, and this causes a thick, hard crust. When baked in the modern iron oven, quick baking is necessary. Let the oven be quite hot, then put a little ball of paste in, and if it browns palely in seven to ten minutes, it is about right; if it burns, it is too hot; open the damper for about ten minutes.

Your bread, after it is in the tins, will rise much more quickly than the first time. Let it get light, but not too light—twice its bulk is a good rule; but if it is light before your oven is ready, and thus in danger of getting too porous, work it down with your hand, (it will not harm it) although it is better so to manage that the oven waits for the bread rather than the bread for the oven.

A small loaf—and by all means make them small until you have gained experience—will not take more than three-quarters of an hour to bake; when a nice yellow brown, take it out, turn it out of the tin to a cloth, and tap the bottom; if it is crisp and smells cooked, the loaf is done.

Once the bottom is brown it need remain no longer. Should that, however, from fault of your oven, be not brown, but soft and white, you must put it back in the oven, the bottom upwards. An oven however, that does not bake at the bottom will be likely to spoil your bread.

It is sometimes caused by a servant leaving a collection of ashes underneath it; satisfy yourself that all the flues are perfectly clean and clear before beginning to bake, and if it still refuses to do its duty, change it, for you will have nothing but loss and vexation of spirit while you have it in use.

I think you will find this bread white, evenly porous (not with small holes in one part, and caverns in another; if it is so, you have made your dough too stiff, and it is not sufficiently kneaded), and with a thin, crisp crust. Bread will surely fail to rise at all if you have scalded the yeast; the water must never be too hot. In winter, if it gets chilled, it will only rise slowly, or not at all, and in using baker's or German yeast, take care that it isn't stale, which will cause heavy, irregular bread.

In making bread with compressed yeast proceed in the same way, excepting that the sponge will not need to be set over night, unless you want to take very early.

If you have once produced bread to your satisfaction, you will find no difficulty in making rolls. Proceed as follows:

Take a piece of dough from your baking after it is risen once. To a piece as large as a man's fist take a large tablespoonful of butter and a little powdered sugar; work them into the dough, put it in a bowl, cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise; the butter causes that difference; when very light, much lighter than your bread should be, take your hand and push it down till it is not larger than when you put it in the bowl; let it rise again, and again push it down, but not so thoroughly; do this once or twice more, and you have the secret of light rolls. You will find them rise very quickly, after once or twice pushing down.

When they have risen the third or fourth time, take a little butter on your hands, and break off small pieces about the size of a walnut and roll them round. Either put them on a tin close together, to be broken apart, or an inch or two from each other, in which case work in a little more flour, cut a cleft on the top, and once more set to rise; half an hour will be long enough generally, but in this case you must judge for yourself; they sometimes take an hour; if they look swelled very much and smooth they will be ready. Have a nice hot oven, and bake for twelve to fifteen minutes.

Add a little more sugar to your dough and an egg, go through the same process, brush them over with sugar dissolved in milk, and you will have delicious rusks.

The above is my own method of making rolls, and the simplest I know of; but there are numbers of other recipes given in cookery books which would be just as good if the exact directions for letting them rise were given.

As a test—and every experiment you try will be so much gained in your experience—follow the recipe given for rolls in any good cookery book, take part of the dough and let rise as the recipe directed, and bake, set the other part to rise as I direct, and notice the difference.

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Thief—An unfortunate, whose means of subsistence being gone, he is kindly and promptly supplied by the charity of our laws with comfortable apartments, where he has plenty to eat, and nothing to do. State Prison—A large, airy, commodious building, erected at public expense, for the more comfortable accommodation of the above. Fishing—The act of a fool of one species trying to deceive another—not always successful however. Parasol—A light screen carried by a fashionable belle for the purpose of overshadowing one quarter of her bonnet. Low Creature—A beautiful, modest girl, who is too poor to dress in the extreme fashion. Old Maid—A lady who has attained the age of thirty without having married a fool, a knave, or a drunkard.

# Answers to Inquirers.

A. A. (Lock Haven, Pa.)—Most certainly it is.

M. W. (Hamlin, Kans.)—The advertiser is entirely reliable.

COIN, (Leavenworth, Kan.)—It is worth about fifteen cents.

C. S. D. (East Saginaw, Mich.)—It is utterly impossible for us to give you the title of the book from the two-line extract you have sent.

W. M. (Airdrie, Scotland.)—To find your brother's address it will be necessary to advertise for him in the leading papers of this country. What it would cost may be ascertained by writing to the offices of publication.

E. J. P. (McLellan, Tex.)—1. The firm is probably the largest in the United States, and gives employment to several thousand people. 2. We can supply the two latter issues, but the number of March is out of print.

LILY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The car of Juggernaut is a vast throne on wheels in India, bearing the idol of that name. It is drawn out at stated periods and devotees used to prostrate themselves before it and submit to be crushed or mangled by its wheels.

SUBSCRIBER.—Wills' Eye Hospital, Eighteenth and Race streets, Philadelphia, is one of the foremost institutions of the kind in existence. They would treat you free of charge, if necessary, and if you are able to pay for services, there is equally as better place to apply.

N. W. (Mendon, N. Y.)—The hair is dark golden. With fair complexion and blue eyes, the type would be blonde, but hazel eyes is a variation from the exact style. Your writing a neat, your spelling and grammar altogether correct. The only fault is in bad punctuation and capitalization.

JAMES, (New York, N. Y.)—Your ambition is laudable. The first step to be taken in acquiring literary ability is to get as good an education as you possibly can. You should study hard and gain as much knowledge as possible. The best subject for you to write about first is the one you know most about.

W. H. D. (Pavilion, N. S.)—1. Write to any advertising agent, who will give you the necessary particulars. There are hundreds of them in New York. 2. We do not know where the oil wells of Canada are. 3. Telegraphing is a good business, and it would be well to learn it. To go through a business college would also be of much service to you.

WALTER & THERESA, (Washington, D. C.)—Washing the lace with lemon juice, it is said, will remove freckles. 2. We know of nothing that will make the hair curl without injuring it. Washing it with a tea made of sage and cantharides, or sage alone, brushing it well frequently, will render it longer and thicker. 3. The writing is good, considering your ages. The hands are much alike, with a slight difference in favor of Teresa's.

AGRICULTURIST (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Perseus was a legendary hero, son of Jupiter and Danae, who, while on a trip to bring away the head of the Gorgon Medusa, found Andromeda in imminent danger of being devoured by a sea-monster, delivered her, and married her. She was chained to a rock that a sea monster might eat her on account of some invidious comparisons made by her mother to mean the beauty of her daughter and that of the Nereids. Of course Perseus made short work of the monster. 2. Read some work on mythology.

READER, (Baltimore, Md.)—Amontillado is the product of the Xeres grape. It is made either intentionally or accidentally. If it be intended to produce wine, the fruit is plucked a fortnight sooner than for sherry. But it is an extraordinary fact that if a hundred butts of wine be taken from a Xeres vineyard, and treated in precisely the same way several of them will, in all probability, turn out amontillado, without the grower or the merchant being able to assign any reason for this. Amontillado is the purest of all wine; for it will bear no admixture of either brandy or bottled wine; whatever is added to it entirely spoils it.

COUNTRY, (Trenton, N. J.)—The Habeas Corpus Act, so named from the beginning of the Latin writ of "habeas corpus, etc., "You may have the body"—requires that every person arrested by a public officer shall be at once or as promptly as possible brought before a justice of the peace to be examined, and then evidence must be produced against him sufficient to remand to custody for a fixed period, to be brought up again on a named day, or the prisoner must be discharged. The Act prevents the arrest of persons on suspicion, and compels the prosecutor to produce a specific charge supported by definite evidence. Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act therefore practically amounts to the establishment of an exceptional state of things, which may be a reign of terror. Any one can be arrested without assigned reason, and consigned to prison without public examination. It is an altogether exceptional measure of protection, only justifiable in cases of great national danger.

MARY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Early marriages sometimes turn out well, but as a rule they are to be deplored. What does a lad of nineteen know of life and its responsibilities? In what way is he fitted to guide a life partner? Who does not know among his acquaintances one such marriage of immature young people? A lad meets a young girl at a party, or at church. He falls in love with her because her eyes are bright or because she dances gracefully. She has an easy sure foundation for a life-long happiness in his fine moustache or black moustache. The commands of their parents or advice of friends is regarded as cruel interference with the holy passion of love; they rush into marriage. And then the difficulties of life begin. They find themselves inadequate to maintain a household—to face their various trials. Their lives often result in that wretchedness which follows heavy duties and total incompetency for them. The transient fancy which they mistook for love passes away, and too often mutual disgust follows. Hope and happiness is forever ruined by the headstrong mistake of a day. Our advice to you is to obey your mother's counsel, and wait until you have attained the age of twenty or even twenty-five.

INDEPENDENT, (Wilcox, Tenn.)—People that are too independent often get themselves and others into hot water, as you seem to have done in the present instance. You appear to think that your sweetheart gave you just cause to be angry with him when he did not keep his appointment with you on your last birthday. But from what you say afterwards it can be inferred that his absence was unavoidable, and that he told you so the next time you met. Nevertheless you were so provoked with him that you would for the time being, listen to no apology or excuse and there and then gave him his diamond, which he seems to have accepted in the spirit of a true gentleman. He has simply taken you at your word, but is too manly and sensible to seek to revenge himself upon you. Therefore, at the risk of displeasing you, we must say, that we can find no fault in the conduct of the young man.

"Who does the best the circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly."

says the poet: and we must say the same of your quondam sweetheart. The fault is your own. You are too independent. Your proud spirit will not permit you to beg forgiveness nor allow you to confess your love. The only thing under the circumstances is to offer excuses you are skilful and artful enough to make him understand by looks and actions that which the tongue refuses to utter.

G. B. (McDonough, Ga.)—We think that both parties would do wrong. The gentleman should not visit the other young ladies without the consent of his affianced and in part cease business, she on her part should not go riding with other gentlemen. From the conduct of each it would seem as though both had a very imperfect idea of the obligations of an engagement. "Il faut" not "ille" as you spell it, is French, and means "it is necessary." 3. It is somewhat hard to define a flirt. We should call her one who has so little respect for herself and others as to make her life a living lie, and seek questionable pleasure and admiration by any means no matter how unwomanly or imprudent. 4. In the language of flowers, heliotrope signifies "The devotion of my love thus plagues itself." 5. The engagement ring is worn on the first or forefinger of the left hand. 6. We cannot see any real harm in a young man and woman exchanging portraits, even if not engaged,—that is in the act itself. The harm may come in afterwards, when changes of various kinds having taken place, the possession of the lady's portrait by the gentleman may in various ways, which will readily suggest themselves to you, give rise to trouble. The same also, might be the case with him. On the whole, knowing what a queer world this is, we think it the wisest part to be nearly as particular in giving your portrait as in giving yourself. 7. The words "turn so fide," are Latin, and are generally translated "Take care."